THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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WE CARRY ON

FOR THE third consecutive week we shall speak to our readers about THE COMMONWEAL itself in this space, usually devoted to that subject which in our weekly survey of public affairs seems to our best judgment to be the most timely in its importance. For, after all, unless we succeed in solving the crisis which has threatened to cause our discontinuance, we shall be in no position to discuss any subject, no matter how important. Three weeks ago we laid the main facts of that crisis before our public. In brief, they were as follows: A debt of $17,000 had accumulated during the years of the general business depression, caused by falling off in contributions—and, to a smaller extent, in subscriptions—and in advertising revenue. By "contributions" we mean those donations so generously made by a small group of friends toward meeting the annual deficit which this journal has incurred every year (though in a steadily decreasing scale) since its start eight years ago. While the growth of our subscription list has been continuous, it has been slow; yet if it can be maintained for some years still, we undoubtedly will reach a self-supporting position. As for the main purpose of THE COMMONWEAL—to succeed in producing a first-class literary organ of Catholic Action, particularly but by no means exclusively representative of the lay element in the Church—that has been accomplished. There can be no question as to that. It is one of the outstanding facts of contemporary American journalism. Faced, however, by the burden of our debt, and by the need of additional working capital to the amount of at least $10,000, the question before us was a double one. First: Could we possibly raise $27,000 to keep a paper alive, when those asked to give money for that purpose could expect no profits, nor even the return of what they gave? Second: Was the value of THE COMMONWEAL—its value to the Church and to the nation—sufficiently well recognized to justify a frank and public statement to our readers, based upon the belief that they would solve the dilemma by coming to our rescue at a time when practically all of them are facing most serious financial problems of their own?

Writing as we do for the issue of our paper which will appear in that week when the Church celebrates its birthday on Pentecost, we believe that we can already answer that question as if in the spirit of the Alleluia prayer: "Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created: and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

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For our readers have answered the question affirmatively. From all parts of the country have come their messages. More than $12,000 already have been given or pledged. In addition, a goodly number of new subscriptions have been received. Moreover, there are many of our best friends, quite unable to give money, who are giving their time and their energy—and their prayers, without which all other efforts would fail—to the labor of trying to obtain the support of others who are able to help us, but who are as yet unacquainted with our work. Seminarians have in several instances sent us a dollar, and the assurance, more sustaining to us than many dollars, of the help THE COMMONWEAL is to them as they prepare themselves for their future ministry. Priests have recommended our work from their pulpits. Many bishops—the leaders of Catholic Action—have been among the clergy whose appreciation of our movement, and whose support of it, financially as well as morally, is the soundest single proof of the need for our work to which we can point. Nor must we omit again to express our most sincere thanks to those friends not of our Church who consider our journal of so much general value to the community that they too have come to our aid.

From the several hundred letters so far received, we can necessarily quote only a few, or phrases from a few; yet we feel that we must share with all our readers some at least of the words which are of such consolation and inspiration to us.

A prominent clergyman of the Episcopalian Church, sending a generous contribution, writes: "I should like to take this occasion to tell you how much THE COMMONWEAL means to many of your friends outside your own communion. Its scholarship, charity and candor make it an invaluable medium for communicating to outsiders the best thought and purpose of your Church."

A seminarian writes: "There is one cheering part of your letter-for-dough (that is, for me). That part is where you mention that even one dollar will be acceptable. 'Seminarianing,' like everything else, is not so hot these days, and in sending you a dollar I am giving you a good portion of my pecuniary resources. If everyone of your subscribers were to give you a dollar—which they won't, of course—you would be all right. . . . Hoping that you can hold on until I am a bishop or a cardinal and in a position to give you some real help . . ."

It may be as well to quote the answer we sent to this young man, as it expresses a truth which we keep constantly in mind, the fact, namely, that it is our special task, and our fervent hope, to attract and hold the attention and good-will of Catholic youth: "To receive a mite from a seminarian is one of the most hopeful signs that THE COMMONWEAL will weather the storm besetting it, that so far has appeared. Unless our work can find favor with those who tomorrow will be the leaders of the Church, it might as well be thrown aside and scrapped."

From another seminarian, sending a dollar: "I cannot imagine anything more tragic than the demise of THE COMMONWEAL because of lack of funds to carry on. Such a shameful occurrence would be a real and serious indictment of the Catholic intelligence. . . . I consider your periodical an indispensable asset to the priest in his approach to the non-Catholic seeking instruction."

From a priest who in spite of many grave burdens sent us $100: "I have just read your appeal. It will never do to allow THE COMMONWEAL to go out of business. It is the most potent force in Catholic journalism today."

From the editor of a prominent daily newspaper: "Your publication is so excellent, both in the matter it produces and the quality thereof, that it would be a misfortune to have it go out of business. To do my share, I am doubling my annual subscription of $25.00."

So they go on. They come from all parts of the country, from California to New York, from Illinois to Texas. We especially appreciate the messages from the teaching orders. In one girls' school a collection was taken up by the pupils. And it may safely be said that all contributions made to THE COMMONWEAL are real sacrifices. But even at a time when the extraordinary as well as the accustomed claims of charity—as well as the duties of self-preservation—press so heavily upon all, that there are so many who remember the duty of seeing that the mind of mankind needs food as well as the body, is most gratifying. The Church is that instrument by which the light of truth, and the food and drink of life, are distributed. We draw from that treasury. If we are to continue our task—one worker among many, but all are needed today—it will be our readers who will have kept us in our place in the great crusade of Catholic Action.

WEEK BY WEEK

What Next?

WHAT remains of the House's deliberations on economic reform is like nothing so much as a rime without reason. The rime exists, clearly enough: Peters who could not resist increased taxes were invited to shell out to Pauls who have their friends in Washington. Mr. Hoover was moved by the scene into making some effective comments on the junior legislative body's attitude toward taxation, economy, veteran aid, inflationary measures and other matters too numerous to mention. The import of his message was that on all these points the House was wrong. Is there a citizen who will fail to agree? The measures which have finally emerged from debate do not cohere, they testify to the amazing success of lobbyists in setting at naught the general welfare of the nation, and they are characterized by muddled thinking of a really farcical kind. It is useless to enter into details, the worst of which is probably the way in which Congress lay flat while the "veterans' aid" steamroller passed triumphantly over the genuine interests

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of the people. Nor will we permit ourselves to remark at length on the Goldsborough Bill, which incorporates a sound idea gone amuck. It is true enough that only a rise in the level of prices can counteract the existing tendency to universal and catastrophic deflation. But this bill assumes a form of credit management which has never existed, and which cannot conceivably exist. Of course much can be done to stabilize wholesale prices in the several production groups which this bill envisages. Thus grain quotations would be beneficially affected by allotments, of the sort now proposed by farm economists, and the prices of oil and minerals could be in a measure controlled by soundly constituted trade management organizations. But the Goldsborough idea is a panacea, as useless and misleading as an old-time patent cure.

NEVERTHELESS it would be unfair to attribute to Congress, or more specifically to the Democratic majority, any particularly egregious folly. We have been witnessing a definite clash between two contrasted points of view, extant not merely in the United States but also in all countries affected by the debacle. On the one hand is the group of those who wish above all to "play safe"—to follow the lead naturally adopted by industry, and to curtail the functions of a cheaper government to such actions as are designed to maintain the absolute soundness of the currency and the relative safety of banking and investment institutions. This is the same point of view as that adopted by the Bruening government, with the difference that the social armature of Germany is much stronger and larger than is the case in the United States. On the other side are those who are conscious of the truth that declining prices and freezing credits inevitably increase poverty, unemployment, business distress and economic stagnation. They see that every time an industry or a branch of government plays safe, increased suffering is the result. And therefore they wish to halt the progress of deflation at all costs, and by every thinkable means. Their weakness lies in the fact that as yet the causes underlying business trends are too little known and too insufficiently experimented with to entitle an "inflationary" program to confidence. At any rate, Congress has been torn in the clash between these protagonists. And as yet there has not emerged the leadership necessary to commit the nation definitely to a promising program which it could sponsor with the enthusiasm which has been so beneficial, for instance, in England.

Salute to the Pope

WHEN the religious history of our time comes to be written, a chapter will justly be devoted to those agents of good-will, within the Church and without, who have had the intellectual charity to try to understand religious tenets differing from their own. The yearly conferences of Jews and Christians, for instance, proceed on this principle of active toleration; their idea is not a compromise based upon indifference or passive hostility, but a real social treaty based upon a mutual respect and understanding which leave the credal loyalties of the participants unimpaired. This corresponds to a general development in all religious groups in the country. As Catholics, we feel that a good deal of the straitened and aggressive devotion—inevitable and even justifiable, in view of social history, but also much more "parochial" than "Catholic"—has departed, happily, from our own body. And we gratefully add that more and more of our fellow citizens, in their turn, seem to be approaching the Church with open minds, with friendly questions, with intelligent respect. Among lecturers and secular college teachers, while the anti-Catholic secularists have not vanished, the party of the temperate and the historically informed has grown. In the general press, while the hand of the bigot is still occasionally felt in all its power, the tone toward things Catholic is more and more often open and just.

SIGNIFICANT in this connection seems to us a paper by P. W. Wilson—"Pius XI: A Modern Pope" —which appears in *Current History*. We doubt that even a few years ago, a secular magazine could have published this quiet and balanced encomium without raising a considerable stir, and seeming to challenge the American order of things. It is not possible to do more here than summarize the conclusions of a sketch so colorful and interesting in its own right that we urge our readers to peruse it in its entirety. With no real qualifications to the opinion, Mr. Wilson finds the reigning Pontiff a great and progressive man. Method, discipline and brilliant efficiency; a scholarship always warmed and directed by human purposes; world-wide scope in his messages and plans, from the first moment of his election; tact and vision in dealing with a world that turned from monarchist to republican in a few years, and with many nations in which the commonest rights of Catholics were imperiled; forthrightness and uncompromising adherence to his beliefs throughout—these Mr. Wilson ascribes to Pius XI. He does more. He approaches the Pope's particular problems so sympathetically that, in spite of outlining the theoretical opposition fairly in each case, he seems to speak from within: "It is not true that, in the ordinary sense of the term, Pope Pius XI is a reactionary. If he has banned Anatole France, so also has he condemned Léon Daudet, *L'Action Française* and the violent royalists within the French republic. It has been noticed at the Vatican that aristocratic visitors frequently enjoy the briefest of audiences. Some humble monk, on the other hand, who is engaged in the real work of religion, may be closeted with the Pope far beyond his allotted time. While condemning Communism, the Pope has spoken plainly and sensibly on questions of capital and labor. He stands for peace and desires disarmament. . . . In many ways he has sought to mitigate the excesses of nationalism which are troubling Europe. It will not be denied that his Pontificate has made a difference."

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ISSUES of fundamental importance help to render the Massie case worth general consideration. The crimes involved are of course no different from those which have figured in tens of thousands of other trials—are, indeed, among the oldest and most emotionally conditioned of human acts of violence. In this instance, however, three grave matters were involved: the status of government in the Hawaiian Islands, race feeling and the relation existing between justice and popular sentiment. When Lieutenant Massie and his companions set out to avenge a dastardly wrong, they were hardly to be distinguished from any group of lynchers in the United States. This resemblance was the more impressive because the man they killed was a "native"—that is, a citizen toward whom the reigning white attitude in Honolulu may not be very easily distinguishable from the attitude toward the Negro which prevails in some parts of Memphis. There were mitigating circumstances, to be sure. Government in the islands, though demonstrably no worse than (if as bad as) government in the United States proper, seemed unable to cope with a "wave" of crime that threatened numerous white women. Again, the villain in this case had been brought to trial and released, owing to the jury's failure to reach a verdict. Consequently there are reasons for asserting that the Massie action was not, strictly speaking, equivalent to lynching. Even so Mr. Darrow shrewdly refused to make an unwritten law plea. By introducing the theory that insanity had driven the accused Lieutenant to take life, he furnished popular sentiment with a convenient alternative.

The Massie Case

THIS sentiment is most interesting and important. Though it is almost impossible to get a conviction in a clear-cut "honor" case, two important things happened in connection with the Massie trial. First, the case was virtually pushed into court, and the jury refused to clear the accused. Much has been said regarding the judge who virtually forced a hesitant grand jury into bringing an indictment, and there were reasons—not to mention influence—why the matter might have been hushed at the very outset. Nevertheless, one feels that the said judge is to be highly commended. He went ahead with his business, which was justice, at a time when sentiment was hoping that he would look pleasant or play golf. Being a judge is often difficult; but it is a sorry day for society when that difficulty is evaded or ignored. On the other hand, the jury was manifestly prejudiced. Like the people of the United States, it was also listening to sentiment—of a different variety. Accordingly a commutation of sentence was the only equitable way out, assuming always that the public feeling on "honor" cases is right. That commutation in turn leaves behind it a welter of emotions and urges, both racial and social, of an exceedingly ugly hue. Perhaps it is high time to clarify the law—to rule that manslaughter in such circumstances is justifiable, or that it isn't. Incidents such as this Massie trial intensify prejudices which Americans, above all other peoples on earth, must learn to take very seriously.

OF COURSE there is nothing to say but "Better late than never" to any story of deathbed reconciliation with the Church. We say it from the heart regarding the most recent notable instance brought to light—the death of Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist and Republican—though we permit ourselves to add that we weary a little of the pattern of life, too common among the famous, that reserves all the piety to the end. A certain special interest attaches to this death, however, according to news that comes to us from the *Veu de Tarragona* by way of an English contemporary. "The fact [of his reconciliation] had been carefully hidden from the public by persons who believed it would never do to let Spaniards think that a great man could be a Catholic"—so runs the story. The Republican plan had been "to transfer his body to Valencia and rebury it with rites from which Christianity would be ostentatiously excluded." When his widow told of his receiving the last sacraments, her account supported by "that active and fervent Republican, her son, Siegfried Blasco Ibañez, deputy to the Cortes for Valencia," the government's project for honoring its illustrious prophet was abandoned. If this is true—and we have no reason to doubt it—we can only wish the present régime in Spain a speedy taking on of some semblance of adulthood. This play-acting, green-apple adolescence of Republicanism is always afflicting, wherever we meet it in history.

Second Thoughts in Spain

IN MARK O. SHRIVER, JR., who died recently in Baltimore, The Calvert Associates have lost a valued friend. We are not alone in this. He was a friend of the poor and a friend of those who wished to make of their religion more than a duty. His faith was an intrinsic and controlling part of his life. At the age of sixteen he began going with his father on errands of mercy to the poor and the sick. His father was a charter member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Baltimore, and after the father's death, the son carried on the charitable work up to his own fatal illness. About seventeen years ago, Mr. Shriver, Charles C. Conlon and J. Boiseau Wiesel, brother of the president of Loyola College, undertook to organize the laymen's retreat movement in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Retreats were held first at Georgetown University and later at Mount St. Mary's. There is now a permanent retreat house at Manresa-on-the-Severn where, last year, 1,675 laymen found refuge from the world and its cares for a while to reflect on their first purpose in life, their service to God. Mr. Shriver wrote many spirited pieces for leading Catholic periodicals. In the past year he had just completed a history of the St. Vincent de Paul Society

A Complete Life

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in Baltimore. He was a gallant gentleman; we pray that he will still keep his interest in THE COMMONWEAL in the courts of heaven.

When the Mice Are Away

OF ADVERTISING there is no end, and one hears it said that copy-writers and managers find that most effective which seems least intelligent or inviting. We bow in the presence of the mystery. But there has emerged one form of copy in which we profess to take a very special interest. The product may be anything from paper napkins to soap flakes. Two ladies—comely and graceful things, usually—are engaged in conversation. This turns upon a just departed guest. "Can you imagine it? Ellen of all people! And she is usually so charming." And the manner in which these two purring little cats dispose of Ellen is too complete for description. What, then, has Ellen done? Has she robbed a bank, murdered her grandmother, or emitted a stream of horrifying profanity? Not at all. Ellen has merely neglected to polish her rhinestone buckle with Glisteno Paste, or ignored the circumstance that Lustro is the only possible substance with which to effect a really perfect shampoo. This is, of course, only a step beyond the ghastly cockadoodledo about halitosis, and the infinite terrors of pink tooth brush. But it is a step. The cumulative effect can only be to encourage the suspicion that one's exit from a room is a signal for feline commentaries—and to foster the art of such commentary. Well, one really thinks that the human race is bad enough already. There would seem to be no necessity for million-dollar agencies to develop a form of mean vice which is a very particular characteristic of imbeciles.

The General Practitioner

IF THERE is a case on which the doctors thoroughly disagree, it would seem to be, the causes of crime. Environment, pre-natal influence, psychopathological conditions, emotional instability, glands, bootlegging, too much punishment, too little punishment, and anti-social opinions are variously diagnosed as the germs of the illness that is no doubt acute in our country at the present time. The Catholic physician with a quiet persistence that is often annoying to his more secularist associates, says that the kernel of the problem is the knowledge and love of the service of God, without which men and women discard the ideas of moral standards and think only in terms of immediate satisfactions. He does not deny the effect of environment on youths and adults, or of glands; but he refuses to think of the unfortunate human as merely the victim of environment, or of glands, by any autonomic necessity. He sees each one as an individual in whom are the germs of all the diseases of the soul, some in virulent proportions, others in harmless balance with their counterpoises; and he has seen the sudden miraculous cures of saving grace which lead him to be humble even before the Magdalen or the thief.

MATERNITY

THE MOTIVES which originally prompted the naming of "Mothers' Day" may not have been of the clearest and best. There was doubtless a modicum of sentimentality, and even of bland commercialism, in the advertisements which induced the American people to endow still another morning with remembrance. Yet, like every other fact, the existence of this day affords an opportunity. Motherhood stirs both the heart and the reason. It is a concept to which attaches much of the purest human bliss—and some of the most revolting human degradation. Among the hideous secrets of the Orient probably none is so abhorrent as the cults into which the ancient worship of Ceres has been transformed. Indeed, it is no doubt a sufficient explanation of the history of mere man to say that only the radiance which Christianity cast round the mother's brow saved even her from the pillories of shame.

Thus the subject is worth considering in its modern frame. Far too often we think merely of the indifference which American society still displays toward some of the elementary functions of maternity. It is, of course, a sad fact that medicine is not yet adequate to save many thousands of mothers from preventable deaths, caused by ignorance or heedlessness which science notes with a guilty conscience. Or one calls to mind the pathetic picture which Warden Lawes outlined in a recent New York *Times* article—the picture of an old mother sitting outside the bars of the death cell in which her son awaited doom, slowly reading the prayers for the dying. And, pitifully aware of the sevenfold sword which pierced this mother's heart also, one makes a new resolve to help to the best of one's ability those endeavors to guide youth toward right living which are now sponsored so capably by many of our ablest men and women. Or, finally, we bear in mind the old woman whose brood is gone from her into some doubtless hard-pinched oblivion, leaving only hunger and loneliness as a reward for the pangs and thrill of the child born.

Not one of these reflections but is sacred. Six hundred years ago they stirred Elizabeth of Thuringia in her merry castle, tugging at her heart until all that she possessed was given away in exchange for merciful sanctity. But something is still more important. What do we mean by motherhood? Why reverence it more deeply than anything else? Years ago Ibsen asked these questions. Photographing now this and now that section of society, he revealed with brutal obviousness that the world no longer knew the answers. Here the mother was only a doll, a possession, a bit of useful bric-à-brac. There she was the desolate victim of an institution she had been led to think sacred. Ibsen's mother slammed the door, or she died.

Then there set in a feverish effort on the part of woman herself to conquer that which had been visibly lost. The records of feminism have been faithfully kept. It is the story of a thousand victories, political,

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legal, social, doubtless psychological. To a very considerable extent the "crusade for women's rights" was necessary and beneficial, not merely because the industrial revolution had absorbed enormous quantities of female labor in factories and offices, but also because centuries of rationalism had robbed woman of rightful privileges. To deny her suffrage in a democratic state, on some such pretext as that her place was in the home, was to blind oneself to both the implacable development of political institutions and to existence of plain human facts. Nevertheless all the bustle of the feminist movement could have been fruitful only if the essentials of woman's position had been retained. For it would necessarily be a sorry triumph if she, endowed with permission to vote, hold property and organize, were as a result cut adrift from those tasks in which her true reason for existing might find expression.

Nothing throws so much light on the situation as a little historical reflection. It takes considerable effort to realize either the position of the aristocratic woman during the early middle ages, or the attitude of the eighteenth century toward woman in general. Read for example the letters of Pope Gregory the Great to the Countess Matilda, and see how the greatest sovereign of his time—even in a temporal sense—turned to a lady as to an equal in all things excepting office, demanding of her counsel, assistance and support. This is only one instance, but in this one there is so much intuitive understanding of what is really "given" by the law of life to woman, that even the proudest feminine executives of our age could produce only a sorry correspondence by comparison. For some reason or other, neither the Pope nor the Countess stepped outside those boundaries which one instinctively feels are right because natural. Then turn to the epoch of Voltaire. Subtle changes have been made in the whole relationship between man and woman. Of these the most important is that love everywhere figures in the matter—love still often conceived of nobly, but generally reckoned with only as the flowering of lust, so that power is given automatically to those women who have managed to win the affections of a prince. The chief psychological fact of the time of the Louis in France is not that Madame Pompadour was the mistress of a king, but that because she was a king's mistress she had might and authority.

Later developments, in which a revival of Christian feeling doubtless had a share, involve a reversal of the eighteenth-century position. Today it is felt that a woman has importance and influence, or at least a chance to acquire importance and influence, when she is neither mistress of man nor the mother of children. She was told that if she got rid of as many of such impediments as possible, she would be free to develop her mind and talents to the utmost thinkable extent. She too was to burn with a hard, gem-like flame as a scholar, executive or business getter. The promise has to a large extent been fulfilled. But! Woman can, of course, nobly do without the love of a man. Thousands upon thousands banded together in religious communities afford living proof that the service of God is more than ample compensation for human affection; thousands upon thousands of single women toil, often with a splendid magnanimity, at jobs which need doing. Nevertheless the average woman cannot and does not surrender man. Seldom before in history has the pathetic search of femininity for masculine affection been so evident as now, when the divorce courts keep so appalling a record of frustrated efforts and of new attempts.

Yet this average woman is compelled by the time-spirit and by her philosophy not to give too much of herself. Some she must keep in reserve for her person and for her achievements, and so we confront the curious spectacle of woman trying eagerly to divide herself between a love which she has misconstrued into happiness and a "career" which she has badly defined as power. The easiest way out of the dilemma is to forego the child. Having children may, on the one hand, make it harder to continue fascinating the man; it will on the other hand add greatly to the burdens of the career. And so the outcome is that barren breast, that empty arm, which is almost the symbol of our age. One is not blind to the influence of social conditions and of economic hardship on the trend of events. But clearly we are operating in a series of vicious circles. The industrial development created the feminine worker because it needed cheap, plentiful labor. The prevalence of that worker, however, makes for inevitable unemployment. Therefore the woman must think both of working and of not spending. And children cost money!

The Christian who confronts this whole problem earnestly knows where remedies are to be found and how difficult it is to apply those remedies. Human history is the continuous unfolding of ideas sponsored in sequence by the race. The picture is never always wrong, never fully correct. It is as if one were looking at mountains massed on the horizon, over which endless clouds lingered. As this cloud-mass lifted in one place, a peak would come into view. But other peaks would be shrouded. And so our modern consciousness sees the cruelty of social injustice to which earlier centuries were blind, but it is blind to the dignity and glory and beauty of the personal life. Nor can it easily be made to see. Christian teaching is today without the power, which once seemed wholly within its grasp, to move the clouds and even the mountains with the faith of the race. Now the Christian belief can only work quietly, as in the early ages. So also with motherhood. It knows that this is neither surrender nor burden, excepting in the sense that all surrenders and burdens are fruitful in the Providence of God. It keeps in its heart the secret of that which is love—love which is neither happiness nor handicap, but merely the mystery of that dissoluble binding together of all human things which images their indissoluble binding in the spirit of God.

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THE NATIONAL-SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

By JOHANNES MATTERN

Germany has continued to keep the world uneasy. It is admitted that the status of the Berlin government is the key to Europe's present condition, and that the history of the German crisis will probably be the story of Continental civilization. The index to discontent in the Reich is the Hitler movement, which needs to be estimated correctly as a political force. Professor Mattern supplies this estimate in the following paper. He has the advantage of being both a careful and experienced student of political institutions and a competent observer of German affairs over a long period.—The Editors.

TO ESTIMATE correctly a popular movement such as Fascism in Italy and National-Socialism in Germany, one must try to see what the follower of the movement sees or pretends to see, and then appraise the evidence as a disinterested, or at least an impartial, outsider.

When Mussolini addresses his blackshirts he must of necessity describe Fascism as the absolute and final cure-all of Italy's social and political ills. He must picture the advent of Fascism as the millenium, which has come to stay for evermore. If Mussolini dared to admit with one breath the possibility of a limitation of Fascism in efficacy or time, he would soon cease to be Il Duce and Fascism the ruling passion. If this is true of Mussolini and the Fascist party, safely entrenched in power in Italy, how much more must it be so of Hitler and his National-Socialists aspiring to power in Germany?

But when one looks at Fascism in Italy and National-Socialism in Germany with the critical eye of the impartial outsider, one cannot fail to perceive both movements as popular reactions against a situation which has become intolerable and which seems incapable of adjustment except by the radical programs of these movements. In other words, one views the new movements in their proper setting and recognizes them as extreme measures designed to correct extremes, as human nature seems destined always to attempt the correction of one extreme by another. The outsider will also discover that to the extent to which the original setting is changed by the advent and success of the new movement, to the same extent the new régime loses the moral justification of its program and of its very existence. In short, the outsider comes to recognize the new movement as merely another of the many passing phases in the endless drama of human affairs.

In Italy this setting was a democratic government incapable of coping with the economic and social chaos following the war, a democratic government on the verge of yielding power to the proletariat. In Germany the situation is far more intense and infinitely more complicated. The Revolution turned out over night a monarchical régime under which Germany had grown to greatness and comparative well-being. This régime was overthrown by a minority without regard to the fact that the majority might have preferred its modification rather than its elimination. Faced by the accomplished fact, the Weimar Constituent Assembly established a republican and democratic form of government with responsibility to a legislature elected on the basis of proportional representation. Nearly two dozen political parties, all securing proportional representation in the legislature, have at times made intelligent legislation impossible. Conscious of its own impotence, the legislature has, during repeated voluntary or enforced adjournments, delegated to the government the right and responsibility of direct legislation. As a result, the government, whatever it does, is damned by the Right if it leans to the Left, is cursed by the Left if it leans to the Right, is damned and cursed by both Right and Left if it manages with the Center.

Into this political chaos are projected all the issues ensuing from the lost war: a humiliating peace with the cession of territory including millions of German nationals and irreplaceable natural resources, with the loss of the colonies and access to the raw material which they were just beginning to yield, and with a reparations bill designed to keep three generations in bondage.

Years of unfavorable trade balances have allowed the payment of reparations only by hundreds of millions of borrowed money and have produced a constantly increasing army of unemployed, nearing the fantastic figure of six millions, about 10 percent of the entire population. In the hope of establishing a favorable trade balance, Germany has borrowed additional millions in order to expand her industries and to increase production and exports so as to secure the funds for the payment of reparations from her own resources and at the same time to secure work for her unemployed. But new high tariff walls erected all around and the general depression have left her with overproduction, with still more unemployed, and unable to pay her loans on call. Constantly rising tax rates, repeated reductions of salaries and pensions of the Civil Service force as the last desperate efforts to balance the budget, to find funds for the unemployment dole payable under provisions of the constitution itself, have so far resulted only in corresponding decreases of actual tax collections.

And yet, in spite of all this chaos and misery, notwithstanding the handicaps visible at every turn, there is discernible everywhere in Germany a will and determination to work, to rebuild, to regain what has been lost. It is precisely this conflict between threatening death and the will to live, between the apparently inevitable and the refusal of conceding defeat, which con-

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stitutes the milieu, the setting, in which the National-Socialist movement was born and nurtured to the position of a political party challenging the existence of the constitutional and social order of Germany.

The National-Socialist Workers' party was organized in Bavaria in 1920 by Gottfried Feder who induced Adolf Hitler to become an active member. Hitler was the son of an Austrian customs official who had hoped to give the boy the education required for a higher government career. At the early death of his father, young Hitler became apprenticed to a house-painter. It is the period spent in this position, years of blasted hopes and thwarted ambition, which offers the key to the understanding of the man who at the age of two-score exclaimed: "I am forty now, it is time I got into power." He found consolation and compensation in reading. One of his teachers had aroused in him a lively interest in the history of Germany. What appealed to young Hitler was the racial homogeneity of Germany as compared with the multi-racial character of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. When the war broke out, he joined a Bavarian regiment, thus forfeiting his Austrian citizenship without thereby gaining German nationality. He was wounded twice and decorated with the Iron Cross.

The humiliation of Germany in 1918 affected him deeply. But he soon found an outlet for his ambition and energy in the successful counter-revolution of the conservative forces against the short-lived Communist régime in Bavaria. Taking advantage of the Bavarian government's faith in his good intentions, Hitler gathered around him an armed citizens' guard, deprecatingly referred to as the Hitler kids, for the protection of society against the Communist enemy, an excuse which is still the leitmotif in all his present-day pompous military formalism. His activities finally led to the well-known conspiracy with Ludendorff and the luckless march on Berlin in 1923. While Ludendorff was exonerated, Hitler was sent to prison for five years. In the six months of his actual imprisonment he formulated his social and political philosophy published in a book called "Mein Kampf" (My Fight). When released, he reorganized the National Socialist Workers' party, assuming personal and aggressive leadership. In 1925 the party had less than 25,000 registered members. In 1928 more than 809,000 National-Socialist voters sent 12 representatives to the legislature. In 1930 over 6,400,000 National-Socialist votes increased their representation in the legislature to 107. In the first election for the Presidency on March 13, Hitler received 11,338,500 votes as presidential candidate. This constitutes another gain in the voting strength of the party of nearly 5,000,000, a total increase of over 10,000,000 in less than four years.

How has this unprecedented growth been achieved? By a party program skilfully designed to suit the social and political setting, with attractions for the dissatisfied Nationalist Right, the Socialist Left, and with a few extras calculated to attract all Germans alike, and last but not least, by an organization and propaganda unprecedented for vigor and popular appeal.

That part of the platform designed to win the Right goes to the utmost extreme in its demands for a national citizenship of racially pure Germans and for the holding of public office by them only; for a press owned and conducted by none but such racially pure Germans; for the deportation of all recent non-German immigrants and the prohibition of non-German immigration in the future; for the freedom of all creeds, provided the exercise of this freedom does not grate upon the traditions of the Germanic race; and finally, for the elimination from the German law of all those Roman ingredients responsible for the "Jewish mammonistic loan and mortgage system" and the resulting loan slavery which Hitler and his National-Socialist crusaders have sworn to break.

In the provisions relied upon to win membership from the Left, the program accepts the constitutional stipulation that it is the duty of the citizen to work, and the duty of the state to provide work, or a dole if work cannot be found. But the National-Socialist program adds to this duty of the state that of compelling acceptance of the work offered. The platform calls for death for usurers and profiteers, the confiscation of war profits, profit-sharing in business, communal ownership and renting out of big business enterprises to small traders, nationalization of banks, expropriation of land illegally obtained under the mortgage and loan system and the complete abolishment of the entire institution of mortgages and loans.

Those items of the program calculated to appeal to all Germans alike demand: repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles, amalgamation of Austria with Germany, cancellation of reparations, return of the colonies, a national militia, and more of the kind.

Many of these demands and promises conceived in 1920 have proved a source of embarrassment in more recent years. There have been positive assurances that under the National-Socialist régime property rights and international private loans will be respected. There have been cautious hints of a general revision of the program, but, as Hitler has stated, the revised details are "patented"; they cannot be revealed, lest such revelation confound or offend the more fiery and naive adherents of the movement.

As to organization, no other political party in Germany has ever boasted of such strict discipline in its ranks, nor succeeded as the National-Socialists have done in turning mass meetings into paying propositions. Hitler and his lieutenants understand completely how to profit by the German's love for organization, titles, insignia, flags and music. All members are accepted on probation, making full membership appear as a much coveted honor. The brown shirts and shining puttees worn by Hitler's militia are paid for so as to swell the party's coffers; *Fahnenweihe,* consecration of flags, has assumed the aspect of a solemn and touching religious ceremony; colorful decorations are the eagerly sought

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rewards for faithful service rendered or the indication of rank and position in the hierarchical structure of the organization.

In the matter of propaganda the leaders of the National-Socialist movement have shown themselves to be not only good psychologists, but excellent business managers as well. Brass bands, fifes and drums serve as the primitive stimulants at the mass-meetings where from ten to twenty thousand eager followers are ever ready to pay entrance fees which in their aggregate amount to considerably more than the charges for hall and light. Five daily newspapers, fifty weeklies, a great number of monthlies and semi-monthlies, almost all self-supporting, bookshops, traveling theatres, a flourishing business in picture post cards and films, spread the National-Socialist gospel, provide work for many otherwise unemployed National-Socialists, and nicely supplement the voluntary contributions from wealthy sympathizers and benefactors of the party.

But in spite of the unprecedented growth of the National-Socialist movement, achieved by these equally unprecedented methods, the presidential election of March 13 revealed the fact that over 18,600,000 German voters registered their preference for the existing régime by casting their ballots in favor of Hindenburg, and on April 10 Hindenburg defeated Hitler in the final election. But that by no means indicates that these 18,600,000 and more voters are satisfied with present economic and political conditions. On the contrary, there is hardly a German living who does not agree with Hitler that "things have got to be changed in Germany." It merely means that there is still a majority in favor of first proving their good faith in the matter of treaty fulfilment and payment of reparations, in the belief that revision of the treaty and of the Young Plan, general disarmament, reasonable territorial adjustment in the East, consent to Austro-German union, the grant of mandates, etc., will follow step by step as evacuation of the Rhineland and other concessions have already come.

But it is one thing to produce a majority for the venerable Paul von Hindenburg as evidence of moderation and faith in the common sense of the arbiters of Germany's fate; it is quite another to maintain such a majority in favor of a government failing to secure that minimum of immediate concessions required for the return of livable conditions in Germany. There can be no doubt that Hitler and his National-Socialists are determined to get into power. There is no more reason to doubt that, if the present disarmament conference and the coming conference on reparations should prove a failure, millions of those now voting in favor of moderation will be done with patience. In such an emergency Hindenburg may remain President, but the existing government will not be able to maintain itself. Provided Hitler can restrain himself and his legions to rely on the legal method of gaining control, National-Socialism will then sweep that government out and take its place—at least for a while.

Will the National-Socialist party, once it gets into power, be able to fulfill what it has promised? Leon Trotzky, who should be able to judge, is reported as having said that Hitler in power would do precisely what Bruening is doing now. Trotzky might well have added, what he unquestionably visualizes: When that comes to pass, millions of Hitler's faithful adherents will be crushed beyond hope, while the rest may well be expected to turn in desperation to Communism as Germany's last chance of curing her social malaise in accordance with the Russian prescription. *Videant consules ne quid detrimenti res publica capiat!*

Intimation of Immortality

In her mantle that covers the land and the sea,
The Mother of God talked with me.
"How shall I live, my Mother," said I,
"Within the ramparts of the sky?
Does one eat, Queen, in your porches
That have no need for sun or torches?"

"Of course, my son, you will be well fed.
You will find all things in heaven," she said,
Shaking her jewels, nodding her head:
"Mushrooms, guinea hen, hot spoon-bread,
Curried chicken and lamb with rice,
Snow-packed cherries, pineapple ice;
Curd, Welsh rabbits, lobster mayonnaise,
Oysters and melons and fine soufflés.
All you can buy for love or money,
Marchpane and duck and cheese and honey,
Each nut and glittering fruit and berry,
The diamond-back terrapin creamed in sherry,
And reed birds and fruit cake and kidney stew
And damson preserves; they are all for you:
They will be yours for the asking, my starling;
I have them ready, my blackguard, my darling."

"And will there be something to drink, my Mother?"

"I have drink put away for you and none other,"
Cried with laughter God's great Mother:
"In heaven are rivers of beer and ale;
They will fail you not, though your thirst may fail.
The vintages that delight you here
Will be commanded for your cheer:
Hock and Burgundy, Champagne,
That the proper time have lain
Within my vaults; and Port from Spain.
On high in your heavenly Father's inn
There is whisky strong as the sun, and gin,
Rum from the docks of Daiquiri,
And beautiful cocktails named for me,
Benedictine and green Chartreuse, the two
Marks that attest Christ's church as true;
And caught in crystal like great tulips,
My long incomparable mint juleps:
Sherry cobblers and egg nog,
That perfect, that divinest grog.
These will be yours to drink, my plum,
When to me and God you come;
When malice shall be bound in hell,
And all will be well, and all be well."

FRANCIS POWER.

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THE NEGRO CHALLENGES CHRISTIANITY[1]

By JOHN T. GILLARD

THE NEGRO in the United States is not a problem so much as our attitude toward him is a puzzle. The puzzle is the problem. For twelve minutes each day Amos 'n Andy entertain a nation in the parlor at a fabulous salary, while for twelve hours daily Mammy and Sammy slave in the kitchen for a mere pittance. We pay handsomely for the Negro's music and laughter; we are bored with his tears and tragedy. But that is typical of our American way of doing little things in a big way and big things in a little way.

There was a day when the body of the Negro could be had for a price—America was interested. Now that his soul can be had for a kindness, no one seems to care. During the Civil War a mouse of hate labored and brought forth a mountain of prejudice. Since then the American spirit toward the Negro would seem to be that of the Donnybrook Fair: "Wherever you see a head hit it." As a consequence, we journey across oceans to Christianize heathen who often take our cash and curricula but not our Church; at the same time we do all in our power to heathenize the Christian porter who lugs our traps to the boat.

Cold statistics may not warm our heart with enthusiasm for the Negro, but they at least show that in the United States we have a mission field unparalleled in opportunity. Waiting for someone to sow the seed are 12,000,000 souls plowed by physical pain, harrowed by spiritual suffering, and furrowed by fear for the future. Has the grain of the Gospel fallen on that ground? It has not. Even making due allowance for children not counted in Protestant church membership (estimated to be an average of 18.4 percent for all denominations), at no time since the government has been issuing figures on the religious condition of the Negroes in the United States has more than one-half of the total colored population claimed any church affiliation whatsoever, much less been deeply influenced by any religious teaching. In the United States today there are at least 6,000,000 Negroes untouched by any church.

Of the 6,000,000 Negroes who sought the Word of God as best they knew, some found consolation and spiritual exaltation in bootleg forms of religion. Yesteryears brought abundant harvests to the store-front churches which preached a gospel of shouting and handclapping. Between the Negro Baptist Church, claiming over 3,000,000 members (three-fifths of all Negro churchgoers), and the various branches of the Methodist Church, claiming a total membership of over 1,500,000, seven-eighths or 88 percent of the total Negro churchgoing population is accounted for.

Yet, of the Negro Church a prominent Negro leader who carries much weight wrote:

> The Church is largely an institution exploited for the benefit of the individuals in charge.

More recently another Negro writer, but of less authority, concluded an article on Negro religion with these words:

> It would seem that the Negro Church which began so auspiciously in America, and once contributed so much to the progress and development of the race, must descend in the end to the level of a barbaric cult for the delectation of half-wits and the profit of cunning shamans.

While the services of the *allelujah* sects satisfied, after a fashion, the religiously inclined Negro of another generation, and even yet show remarkable power to move his heart and his feet, somehow or other one gets the impression that the "new" Negro refuses to choose his religion by means of the "blindfold test." He challenges Christianity to produce its credentials. In the summarizing words of the last-quoted writer:

> On the horizon loom a growing number of iconoclasts and atheists, young black men and women who can read, think and ask questions, and who impertinently demand to know why. . . . There are hundreds of this sort in every community. Coupled with those who have left the Church completely and the vast number who are on the rolls but never attend, they make a formidable and increasing majority.

It will not at all do for us to meet this challenge of the new Negro by denying that he exists. During the past decade, for instance, Negro high-school enrolment increased 177.8 percent, while an advance of 10.8 percent in enrolment of Negro children between the ages of five and seventeen was made. The little red schoolhouse, now grown to stately proportions through the generosity of a rich uncle in Washington, bulges with 2,500,000 Negro children. Three times as many Negroes now attend the first year of high school as attended a decade ago, and a corresponding increase of more than five times as many students in the fourth-year high-school classes is reported. Over 100,000 colored students are now enrolled in high schools throughout the United States.

There are at least 20,000 Negroes attending colleges. In 1930, according to the *Crisis,* a Negro magazine, 2,071 Negroes received the Bachelor's degree in arts and sciences. This puts the number of Negro college graduates well over the 18,000 mark, not to mention the growing number of Masters and Doctors.

Then there are the 57,000 Negro teachers in public schools and colleges, 4,000 Negro physicians and surgeons, 2,000 Negro dentists, 6,250 musicians and teachers of music, 1,150 lawyers, judges and justices, 375 authors, editors, reporters, 230 chemists, assayers

[1] *This is the first of a series of three articles on the Negro.*

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and metallurgists. Add to these imposing figures the 20,000 clergymen (as a professional class the least well-educated, according to reports), and it at once becomes evident that the eighty-odd Negro universities and colleges (not to mention the numerous white universities and colleges which now enroll Negro students) verily have rejuvenated Uncle Tom and Topsy.

When President Lincoln struck the shackles of slavery from their hands, 90 percent of the Negroes in this country could not even hold a book right side up. Today their grandchildren are writing books. Literature, the theatre, art, invention—in a word, every phase of America's cultural, scientific and professional life—has been the better for Negro contributions. Verily, we must face the fact that here in America a new Negro has grown up almost unbeknown to most of us.

Like men of old this new Negro asks for a sign. To the Christian Churches he says, "Art thou the Church of Christ or look we for another?" Christianity must give evidence of its mission, even as did Christ to the disciples of Saint John the Baptist. Cap and bells no longer satisfy the brown-skinned boys and girls in cap and gown.

Now the norm of Christliness in which the Negro happens to be most interested is precisely the very mark of identification by which Christ said His Church could be recognized: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another" (John, xiii, 35). Possessing a college degree and an alertness of mind frequently far beyond the brain power of some of our white graduates, the new Negro's difficulty as regards Christianity is much the same as that of the rest of the world, with, of course, the added and aggravating complications arising from a consciousness that while he may be good enough to make the squad and play football for dear old alma mater, his own dear old "alma mater nigra" is not good enough to sit in the same pew with a white woman.

Either an unwillingness or an inability on the part of most Christian churches with which he is at all familiar to produce evidence of belonging to Christ, has led our pragmatic Negro to the conclusion that (to quote by way of concrete example the words of a prominent Negro writer in the *Journal of Negro History*):

> Among the Negroes the Christian Church has been discredited. There are a few slavish-minded Negroes who still persist in referring to this repressive order in the modern world as Christian, but very few enlightened black people think of it other than as a farce. The young Negroes of today, even when not given to infidelity, are very suspicious of persons who are known as Christians. They have a much better opinion of sports, gamblers and outlaws, for among them or between these classes and Negroes is found more brotherly love than between white and black Christians. . . . Christian people have promoted serfdom, established slavery, devised segregation, and even the gradual extinction of races; and worst of all, they have done all these things in the name of God.

Even apart from its inspired character, and from a purely sociological point of view, the new Negro finds Christianity suspect:

> How much good-will does it (Christianity) release for race adjustment? It is often assumed that it will release much, since so many people are enrolled in Christian communions in every section of the country. It does indeed reach a certain element, as witness the growth of Commissions on Inter-Racial Coöperation themselves, which, if I mistake not, are largely the result of the ethical impulse. But unfortunately there is not any ground for thinking that the Christian motive will prompt many Christians to coöperate across the color line. Only a small fraction is all that is ever under any circumstances stirred by the ethics of religion anyhow, and when it comes to race relations that fraction dwindles with astonishing rapidity. People are not accustomed to let ethics compromise religion. Christianity therefore is not going to lend any great aid to race adjustment.

Of course the reasons usually adduced in justification of this rejection of Christianity are all very shallow; nevertheless, to the Negro they are all very real since they cause him pain. It is difficult to be logical when suffering. It is understandable, therefore, that the educated Negro should be led into a questioning of Christianity. Those of us who have a correct philosophy of life have not yet opened very wide to him the doors of our classrooms. The young Negro who would get a higher education must drink from the secularist streams of learning flowing from the less snobbish but more pagan rostrums of such institutions as Harvard, Yale, Cornell (to mention only a few of the white schools which admit Negroes). There he learns that society alone matters: that anything not contributing to what sociologists conceive to be social progress must be ruled out. Upon graduation he is devoid of a sense of real spiritual values in religion—all things must be subject to experimental tests. Religion in such a scheme of life is merely another social force, true in so far as it is useful. Regarding the Church as a social institution to save men's lives rather than as a divine institution to save men's souls, no wonder that to him "the main thing is not what you believe but what you do to help your fellow men. This is the only principle of religion which Jesus of Nazareth emphasized."

At a recent meeting of educated and prominent Negroes, the Church as a factor in the life of the Negro was given lengthy consideration. In the words of the press notice:

> It will be subjected to the acid test and evaluated as students of social science would treat any other force in present-day life. . . . In other words, the Church, the most significant force in our life, will be analyzed just as a research man tests a mineral which he finds and does not quite understand. The so-called veil will be thrown aside and discarded. The institution must stand the test.

Possessing only a subjective, pragmatic rule of life, the Negro's acceptance or rejection of Christianity

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hinges upon its workability as a rule of life. Ultimately then, the new Negro does not challenge Christianity—he does challenge Christians. He hurls his defiance at those of us who stand beneath the Cross, not at Him Who hangs upon the Cross. It is unthinkable that a Crucified Christ would crush a crown of thorns upon those for whose souls He shed His Blood, yet history runs red with many a lurid tale of Christian cruelty against the black. Since the day when the English Captain John Hawkins named his slave ship "Jesus" we have grown more refined perhaps, but that very refinement only serves to make our Christian cruelty more offensive.

It marks, for instance, a certain failure that in spite of the best efforts put forth by religious and interracial groups, the number of lynchings remains high. Already this year has its share of animality; last year thirteen was the number of lynchings, and the year before it reached the high mark of twenty-one, according to the most conservative records. One may not condone the loose reasoning which invariably leads Negro writers to see an essential connection between lynching and the failure of Christianity; nevertheless, one must recognize that such conclusions have a very deleterious effect upon the young Negroes who, like most college graduates of this age, have not been trained to think independently nor to check the logic of conclusions haphazardly drawn by popular writers.

As a point in instance: Recently Maryland had a very gruesome lynching. A Baltimore newspaper recounted the fact thus:

> The lynching, only forty feet from the spot where a Negro was hanged by a mob in 1895, took place under a huge Community Fund banner, depicting Christ with arms outstretched and the plea: "He who gives all feeds three—himself, his poor neighbor, and Me."

Columns of space in the local Negro newspaper were devoted to flaming diatribes against Christianity for permitting its supposed adherents to perpetrate such an atrocity. But what are the facts? The government report on religious bodies gives the following church membership for Wicomico County, the scene of the disorder: white Methodist bodies, 8,534; Protestant Episcopal, 641; Baptist bodies, 464; Presbysterian, 320; Roman Catholic, 195; and total for all demoninations, 11,040. Considering that this church membership represents barely one-third of the total population of the county (31,229 in 1930), it can hardly be said that the community is Christian. And when one considers the brand of religion, as well as the fact that one-third only claimed church membership, much less practised their religion, it is at once evident that Christianity is supplied with an argument in its favor rather than against it.

As a matter of fact, an examination of the record shows that in nearly every instance states in which lynchings occur are states less than 50 percent of whose citizens, on the average, claim church membership. Kansas, the latest state on the lynching list, is an example—only .397 of its total population even claims church membership.

The necessity we are under of maintaining separate churches for the exclusive use of Negroes is admission that the sun does not always shine in Dixie, nor for that matter north of Mason and Dixon's Line. Our inconsistencies stultify our Christian teaching; we disciples shame the Master. Almost like a sorrowing Christ brooding over the Jerusalem which stoned the prophets, is the lament of the white-haired Negro, Kelly Miller:

> I believe profoundly in the saving power of religion. But the saddest experience which worries my soul is to see the educated young Negro of this day and generation repudiate religion because the un-Christianlike attitude of the white professing Christian causeth him to offend. I can only urge upon the intelligentsia of the race to adopt a deeper philosophy. Christianity does not belong to the white race. Because this race violates its spirit and essence is no valid reason for the Negro to repudiate it.

The bad example of many Christians has made it easy for the bad logic of the new Negro to lead him into apparent conflict with Christianity. "Woe to the world because of scandals! For it must needs be that scandals come; but nevertheless woe to that man by whom scandal cometh." When the all-pervading Sun of Justice shall rise to light the hidden places in men's hearts, then shall John Brown's spirit rise as John Brown's ghost to accuse us; then shall the dark-skinned children of light sit in judgment over the light-skinned children of darkness, for "He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in light, and there is no scandal in him" (John, ii, 9, 10).

A Small Acolyte Serves Early Mass

In garb of white and flaming rose,
His footstep held to sober pace,
Through solemn tasks he gravely goes,
A strict detachment on his face,
For quite an hour every day,
With out-of-doors the lure of May.

How strange that he, at such an age,
Should seek this quiet shrine alone,
Direct his thought must be, and sage,
And yet the treble of his tone
Is heard dismissing awesome words
As careless as a calling bird's.

A Maytime splendor serves this rite—
The golden chalice holds a Rapture,
While silks and brasses catch the light,
Perhaps his soul can dimly capture
The Shining Peace, and sense the force
Of Love, audacious in Its course.

MARGARET TUCKER.

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HAYDN YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By KARL SCHAEZLER

CHEERFUL and quick-witted—those are the characteristics of the marble bust of Haydn which he himself had made expressly for one of my ancestors and which today adorns my music room. And cheerfulness and quickness of wit likewise characterized him as a man and a composer. Accordingly he remains for the great public of our time well-nigh exclusively "good father Haydn"; but we must not allow this concept to obscure for us the spiritual significance which he has for all times, and which is more than sufficient justification for remembering here the two-hundredth centenary of his birth.

Haydn saw the light of day on March 31, 1732. Born as he was, the second of fifteen children in the family of a poor wagoner in a little Austrian village near the Hungarian border, neither Haydn's ancestry nor his milieu prophesied his coming greatness. Indeed that greatness is rather a genuine miracle—God so frequently permits the insignificant to flower into grandeur. The boy was homeless at an early age, and owed not merely the development of his musical talent but also his meager means of livelihood to a series of fortunate "accidents." Yet he might well have starved in Vienna as a seventeen-year-old lad, had not a poor chorister shared what little he possessed with one who then had absolutely nothing except his future. Destiny has ways of testing the best of men, in order to spur them into developing the whole of their energies. Haydn was strong enough to endure the trial. From it he emerged inwardly strong and great, thus also meriting his outward success.

Little by little he became famous throughout Europe. His two trips to England were veritable triumphs, he was honored with a doctorate by the University of Oxford, and he brought back the sum of 24,000 gulden (for the sake of comparison, we may note that Mozart received 800 gulden a year as the emperor's house musician!). Poverty, which scourged so terribly the last years of Beethoven's career and which pursued Mozart all his days, was an evil which no longer caused Haydn any worry. His inner life was likewise perfectly serene, thus contrasting with that of the passionate composer of the "Apassionata." The trials of his youth and the one great cross of his later years—his unhappy marriage—could not so much as diminish the warmth of his good humor. Even his two famous oratorios, "Creation" and the "Seasons," though written when he was well past sixty, show that his freshness of temperament and his optimism had not been shaken. To this harmoniousness of existence and temperament he owed a good part of the extraordinary productiveness with which he wrote—a productiveness which the other great classical musicians do not approximate, even when due allowance has been made for Haydn's longer life. When the master died at the age of seventy-seven, his works included 104 symphonies, 66 suites and 215 chamber-music compositions, not to mention his other writing. It is needless to remark that not all of this huge number could have been masterpieces. But it is characteristic of them that they include such pearls as the "Imperial Quartet," the "Clock Symphony" and the "Creation," to choose only a few titles at random from those of Haydn's works which possess unlimited historical and actual significance.

His difficult youth was in a very especial way the seed-time of his illustrious old age. Because he had then to play for public dances in order to earn his daily bread, Haydn drank in more folk music than virtually any other great composer; and thereby his own work grew more directly out of the spirit of the people than did even Mozart's, and far more directly than did Beethoven's, though even in the music of this last genius there are evident echoes of street songs and of martial airs sounded by the armies of Napoleon. It is a strange coincidence that the two men who did most to utilize folk-consciousness for music and literature, Haydn and Herder, should have been born not only at about the same time but also in the borderland shared by the Germanic and Slavic races. This fact is eloquent testimony to supra-national cultural values. The effect was also the same in both cases, since the newly discovered folk-consciousness aided in the effort to supplant the dilletantism of the age of rococo without destroying the sense of form which this had sponsored. Haydn's charm and freshness are rooted alike in this relationship to the folk-spirit and in his own nature, both of which serve to account for the fact that he presented the German peoples with what is doubtless the most genuinely musical of all national hymns. This has accordingly been sung, though with different texts, in Austria as well as in Germany and has appealed to all classes of society without exception. In old Austria the hymn was "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser"; in Germany it became the song which is today unfortunately seldom heard except in National-Socialistic circles, "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles."

Doutbless it is this close association with the people which most distinctly separates Haydn from the artists of the present day, and which ought again to make him a model for our age. If art is to achieve one of its most beautiful purposes, then the artist who is himself inevitably derived from the people must not repudiate his origin. Because of the individualistic development of art since Romanticism ignored this truth, art is now a luxury and its creators are, so to speak, threatened with the loss of reasons for existing. This was not always the case. In the instance of Haydn, it was not the case despite the high level of his art. Bound up with this

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awareness of folk-spirit is the question of form. Individualistic art dissolves forms, eventually discards them entirely, but is unable to replace them; but an art which grows out of a feeling for the community revitalizes forms and therewith renews them. From this point of view modern artists might also do well to study Haydn methodically, however little value they may attach to his specific forms. For if "feeling" is frowned upon today and "esprit" applauded—well, Haydn is anything else but witless. Indeed we can complement what has been said about Haydn's esprit in this paper by adding that he was probably the wittiest of the three classical composers and yet fully aware of how to express his wit in rigid forms—an amalgamation which is beyond the reach of many moderns, some of whom, indeed, amuse us most by the fact that they consider themselves so witty that firm forms cannot be expected to possess any meaning for them.

It was Haydn's fate to merge in the shadow of a still greater composer and to hand on his achievement to a world which could not share with a whole heart his preference for the idyllic; and so it has been possible to forget how daring an innovator he was even in the realm of formal problems and how much pioneer service he rendered to the classic school. Thus thematic development, as first employed by him, was an achievement of the greatest significance for all coming ages; and without it the art of a Wagner or a Bruckner would not be conceivable. That he himself did not shrink from using what was startlingly new when his purpose demanded it is shown (despite the simplicity of the means employed) by his description of chaos at the beginning of "Creation." Those who know only the "good-natured" Haydn will be astonished at this as well as at many slow movements in his quartettes. But it is the breadth of his inspiration which is most frequently overlooked. Mozart understood the situation better. "No one can jest and overwhelm, rouse to laughter or move to tears, as Haydn can and does so well," he said. In certain passages Haydn even approaches the mystical, which in itself was beyond his reach. Here Bruckner, for example, was far superior to him. But this dearth is intimately correlated with his virtues: where so much crystal-clear light is shining, one cannot expect to find mystical twilight as well; a gaze which is fixed with so much delight on this world, cannot also explore the wonders of heaven in the manner of a seer.

Of course this does not mean that Haydn was not religious. He wrote "Omnia ad majorem Dei gloriam" before and after all his compositions. Yes, he declared that his heart leaped with joy at the thought of God; and though his oratorios led to the secularization of what was originally a form of ecclesiastical music, he said that he had never been so piously devoted to his religion as when he wrote his "Creation." But the question is not whether he was personally religious. That concerns a critic of music only to the extent that it figures in a composer's work. It seems that Catholic writers in particular too frequently forget that an artist's achievement cannot be measured by such facts as that he did or did not confess his sins. Here our query is concerned only with the artist's conception of life as a whole, and still more with the influence of a given time-spirit, which genius also is subject to, upon that conception.

Haydn lived in the eighteenth century, when joy in life reigned supreme—the century of Rousseau and the Enlightenment, during which even bishops and prelates became Freemasons. The spirit of this age is reflected in his symphonies, indeed even in such formal elements of his work as the rigid structure of his melodies, which differ from those of Bach so very evidently in that frugality of modulation which was to separate Haydn sharply from the Romantics. It is also reflected, very naturally, in his church music, which despite its art value is for the most part not suited to use in church.

The extent to which Haydn was influenced by his time is, of course, the chief reason why he seems remote from ourselves. His epoch was not so turbulent as is our day of the omnipresent problematical. And because here again—quite unjustly—our standards have been used to measure his work, it was possible to overemphasize the childlike and the jovial in that work to such an extent that some people imagined they must lower themselves condescendingly to the level of old "father Haydn." Now we are beginning to understand how his differentiation from ourselves may also be a source of healing for our hearts. Today we need nothing so much as gaiety, clarity and harmony. It is precisely Haydn, so cheerful and quick-witted, who can help us acquire them, quite apart from all the aesthetic or historical significance which attaches to his name. For it seems as if the seventy-year-old composer must have been thinking of our times when he modestly jotted down the words: "There are so few happy and contented people on earth, care and anxiety are everywhere; perhaps your work will become a spring out of which the careworn or hard-working man will drink rest and refreshment for a few moments."

Timor Mortis

Little clock, busy on the shelf,
Spear of sunlight, stealing around the house,
From sill to sill,
You make the breath catch in my throat.

Daylight fades . . . darkness is waiting!
At the dim threshold I shiver,
But only a moment.
Why should I fear the jeweled night?

I will wrap myself in its velvet
Against the cold. . . .
I was in terror,
But only a moment.

CHARLES BALLARD.

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LITURGY AND THE DEPRESSION

By WILLIAM MICHAEL DUCEY

LIFE is still able to give us a thrill of pleasant surprise now and then, despite these depressive times. For instance, on two separate occasions recently, a very dear and valued friend of mine, who was (as I imagined) almost as unknown and obscure as myself, was seized upon and dragged into the limelight to be set upon a pedestal, as it were, for all to see and admire, being loudly and enthusiastically proclaimed the while for having just the right solution (as I had timidly felt all along) for most, if not all, the troubles from which our modern world is now suffering. My friend is a book called "The Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ," written in French by the Abbé Anger and translated into English by Father John Burke, C.S.P. To me it had been for some months a veritable treasury of spiritual enlightenment when the first thrill came, in the form of an editorial appearing in THE COMMONWEAL of January 20, which praised it to the skies. The second thrill was the appearance of a similar exuberant boost in the current issue of the *Catholic World,* from the pen of the distinguished Capuchin, Father Dunstan Dobbins.

Now, while these eminent authorities are agreed as to the peculiar timeliness of this book, the underlying theme of which—the grand concept of organic social union of all souls in Christ through grace—seems so apposite a solution for present social disunion, they omit (perhaps for reasons of space) one very practical conclusion which follows immediately and automatically from that concept. A conclusion in fact without which the concept itself remains a dead letter, as far as concerns its practical utility, its application in the concrete, its working-out in the world of men and things.

What is that conclusion? It is, that the liturgy of the Catholic Church is nothing more or less than the Mystical Body of Christ in action. The two realities are inseparably linked, the one (liturgy) being to the other as a kind of necessary obbligato, an indispensable accompaniment, a *conditio sine qua non,* at least as far as concerns us here below. For, since the concept of the Church as Christ's Mystical Body is no mere theory, no mere poetic fancy, but a sublime reality, and (what is more to the point) a reality vibrant with life, ever moving, functioning, operating, a "going concern," Catholic Action in the highest and deepest sense—there must be somewhere in the world visible, palpable evidence of that life and that operation. Something, that is, corresponding very specifically with the aims and purposes of that life and that reality, and working as the instrument by which those purposes are achieved. And the liturgy, embracing as it does all the "means of grace" used by the Church as a whole, is essentially that instrument.

In other words, if we are to work toward that sublime ideal of unity furnished by the concept of the Mystical Body, if we are going to hold it aloft as the one great hope of society in its present distressful state, we must at the same time emphasize the means by which this union is to be effected and this hope realized. It is all very well to go into ecstasies over the wonderful vision of peace and order, harmony, brotherhood international and intranational, which is undoubtedly called up by this doctrine. But it is all to no purpose, practically speaking, unless we show how it functions: how, if society is to benefit by it in the way hoped for, this will come about only if and when society functions as a whole in the same way: through the liturgy.

For here we have, ready made and ready to use, a concrete system for bringing men together: a perfectly organized machine, as it were, through which a vast and widely assorted number of rational creatures can work together, think together, become as like to one another (spiritually and supernaturally) as possible. They work with their Head Who is Christ, adoring the Trinity, obtaining blessings, graces, life for themselves: eating the same spiritual Food, drawing light and hope and strength from the same inexhaustible Source. But it is all done through the same visible means: Holy Mass, the sacraments, the sacramentals—which are the liturgy.

In fact, it does seem that by thus linking the two realities together, and envisioning the liturgy in its true rôle as the action of the Mystical Body, we not only place proper emphasis upon what is really the principal "work" of the Catholic Church, but at the same time, we correct a common misapprehension as to the meaning of the liturgy itself. As Father Anger exhaustively shows, and as Catholic tradition has consistently upheld from time immemorial, the Church's primary function, her very *raison d'être* in fact, is to unite souls to Christ: to bind them to Him by a union so close, so real and so vital that it resembles (but of course transcends) the union of the members in a physical organism, or of branches to the vine. But for some time now we have had to insist so much upon the Church's rôle as the divinely authorized teacher of mankind, the infallible interpreter of divine truth, that this more fundamental concept has been pushed into the background. The defense of her truths, the proclaiming of dogmas, the extirpation of heresy, are but secondary, ancillary phases of her work in the world, subordinate to that greater work that devolves upon her as a wonderful divino-human organism, a living entity of which Christ is "the Head and we the members"—which Saint Paul so clearly delineates, the Fathers so triumphantly proclaim. And in doing that work she but continues mystically what was begun in

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the visible life of her Founder: rendering pleasing homage to the Godhead and receiving, in return, graces and supernatural life for her members. That many-sided and fruitful activity she still conducts through her Founder who is now her invisible Head, but by means of external signs, visible elements and rites of various kinds and degrees of efficacy, all of which put her human members in touch with the life flowing down from her Head, and all of which go to make up what we call the liturgy. How infinitely more inspiring is this view of the liturgy, in comparison with the frequently met with tendency to look merely at its aesthetic side, to see it as merely ceremonial, "only that and nothing more"!

So, instead of rhapsodizing over the captivating ideal of union inherent in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ, let us devote ourselves rather to acquiring a more thorough knowledge of and appreciation for the liturgy, which is both the visible manifestation of that union and the means by which it is brought about and sustained and intensified. The Liturgical Movement is at our door, clamoring to be heard, to be assisted, to be taken to our hearts, to be welcomed as—in the words of the saintly Pope Pius X—"the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit." And if the doctrine of the Mystical Body be so providential an answer to the crying needs of the hour, the liturgy presents that doctrine as its very groundwork: the ABC of its practical instruction, the grand ideal which it is essentially fitted to achieve. For the divisions, the confusion, the individualism that today threaten the very existence of civilized society, it substitutes a complete, workable program of social corporate union in all that man so deeply needs and yearns for. And at the same time, it offers no dry set of principles, no weak-kneed internationalism, but a living, flesh-and-blood Ideal: Christ in action.

For that in the last analysis is what liturgy is: the perpetuation of Christ's whole life and activity. Not merely does it commemorate (preëminently in the Mass) His great work, but actually extends that work through time and space, in all ages, among all peoples and cultures and countries. It is the true, living presentation of all the phases of salvation as wrought by the one only Hope of human society, be it a society racked by fratricidal wars, or enshrouded in intellectual darkness, or distraught by social unrest. Yes, it even presents a remedy for what may be (as many think) at the bottom of society's latest trouble, financial depression. If it is simply a condition of unjustifiable anxiety, fear, hysterical and unreasoning dread, that we are suffering from now, and that is stagnating and paralyzing the machinery of finance, we are in urgent need of distraction, of some therapeutic agent which will take our collective mind off of and away from itself, and fix it upon something more inspiriting. Well, that is precisely the genius of liturgy: to draw our attention, by the use of almost every device known in human art, away from ourselves and our own troubles and failings and weaknesses, and to fix it upon the beauteous Personality, the inspiring Example of the Word made Flesh. And more: not only does it furnish us with an enthralling picture of Him, but it allows us to join with Him; and thus acting, living with Him, sharing His joys and sorrows, His triumphs and abasements, we are assured with the blessed certainty of faith, that no disaster can overtake us, no ruin engulf us, that death itself cannot hurt us, for we are in touch with, holding on to, invincible eternal Life. . . .

In fine, what Father Dunstan and Mr. Michael Williams are logically pleading for, in their enthusiastic endorsement of Father Anger's book, is a warmer, more whole-hearted and universal welcome for the Liturgical Movement. If this great doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is the one truth in the Deposit of Faith demanding emphasis today, it is time for us to study, to cultivate a taste for, its visible embodiment in the liturgy. It is time that we gave less of our time and energy to polemics, apologetics, defense of the tenets of our faith in the pulpit, in the lecture-hall, in our periodicals; and instead, concentrated upon the great, the all-important task of restoring to its rightful place in the minds and hearts of our people, the liturgy of the Catholic Church.

IMPERTINENT CORRESPONDENCIES

By JAMES H. MOYNIHAN

TRACING relationships is one of the most insidious forms of human weakness. I have never been able to understand fully the reasons that make the average man thrill at stumbling upon a new bud on the family tree. I only know that most of us are strangely moved at the discovery of a new relation, even though he turn out to be a blot in our scutcheon. So deeply ingrained in human nature is this tendency to trace kinships that many a gossip is led to carry the search from the realm of life into that of art and find here an even more fertile ground for his investigation.

That the arts hold much in common is a truism. Are they not reflections of life, the social thermometers that tell the spiritual condition of humanity, and do they not depend for their effects upon such devices as composition, contrast, rhythm and tone-color? And these affinities are borne out by the aptness with which one art-form expresses another. How naturally a chorus from the "Antigone" recalls a sculptured frieze. Collins's "Ode to Evening" in its absence of color has often been compared to a steel engraving. The ballades of Austin Dobson bring to mind, now the stately gentility of Reynolds, now the silken shimmer of Watteau. The barbaric color and rhythm of Vachel Lindsay find their counterpart in the atavism of Gauguin. Such comparisons might be multiplied indefinitely.

It is equally a truism that the arts tend to march abreast, to advance *pari passu*. The Classicism of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries reveals itself in the formalism of Beethoven and Mozart, the objectivity of Pope and Johnson, the unities of Corneille and Racine, and the cold formality of Ingres. The lyrical ecstasy of Shelley strikes responsive chords in the subjectivity of Tschaikowsky and the histrionics of Delacroix. The Pre-Raphaelitism of Morris and Swinburne finds pictorial answer in the decorative effects of Burne-Jones and Moreau;

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the Impressionism of Guthrie is of a piece with the suggestiveness of Binyon's "London Visions." Naturalism is the proud father of the individualism of Ibsen's "Doll's House," the grotesquerie of Manet's "Olympia," the animalism of Zola's "Nana," and the abnormality of Rodin's "La Belle qui fut Hëaulmière." The output of some of our contemporary poets strikingly resembles that of such Post-Impressionists as Matisse and Picasso in its quest of significant form, its insistence on design, its directness and its elimination of irrelevant detail. Who knows but the influence of Cézanne, so paramount in painting, has unconsciously shaped the destinies of our modern writers to a greater extent than we realize?

These facts were borne in upon me with added force lately as I sat intrigued by the colorful music of an ultra-modern pianist, and noted the novelty of his technique, his attempts to secure striking effects in rhythm and tone quality, his swift transitions and sharp contrasts, his flair for the bizarre and the exotic. I could not help thinking that his work mirrored much of our contemporary literature, that it was another illustration of the tendency of the fine arts to march hand in hand. More than once he recalled some maker of verse. Indeed one programmed number must have been a paraphrase of Vachel Lindsay's "Electric Sign." Not only was the title the same, but his interpretation had all the garish color, the eruptive clatter, the stridency and gusto of the poem. I thought I saw in his work evidences of the revolt against traditional forms, the seeking after new effects, the experimentation, which characterize so much of contemporary fiction, poetry and drama.

Further thought serves only to deepen first impressions. In the novel, instead of the carefully articulated plot of our forefathers, leading steadily toward a definite climax and dénouement, we have the formlessness of Proust, Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf and others of the contrapuntal and stream-of-consciousness schools, who, convinced of the impossibility of seeing life steadily and whole, aim at revealing it as it is in the minds of those to whom it appears in broken flashes and intermittent echoes. Their aim is not so much to depict the concrete facts of life as to recall psychic states. The teaching of the new psychology that man's behavior is determined by things he does not think, that he lives not so much by facts as by moods, and that his moods are largely dependent on past experiences, explains their preoccupation with the subconscious and the subliminal, their attempt to recapture the evanescent mood. The result resembles now a disconnected series of snips taken from the film of life, now a slow-motion picture, now a flash-back, now a close-up of a significant moment. This psychological realism, trying as it does to record the confused welter of impressions that pass through the mind, often results in work "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," and the slowing of the tempo and the *longueurs* of Proustian novelists leave in the average reader a feeling of weariness and irritation.

Similarly in the poetry of our day we find abundant illustration of the same break with tradition, the same questioning of accepted forms, the same love of novelty in subject and technique. The Symbolists reject conventional language, because for them it cannot hope to recapture the specific quality of sensation and thought which of their nature are fluid and ever-changing. The Imagists regard a poem as a series of related images presented in organic rhythms and suggesting a mood. Hilda Doolittle, the greatest of them, tries in such poems as "Heliodora" to fuse passion, emotion and reflection in a clear-cut image. In "Sea-Gods" she is as much preoccupied with word music and carefully articulated cadences as any pianist. Ezra Pound, who has a positive fear of tradition, shows his virtuosity in his flashing phrase and his marriage of mood and manner. Similar manifestations of this attitude are evident in John Gould Fletcher, Conrad Aiken and Amy Lowell. Edith Sitwell goes even farther in the overlapping and transferring of sense-effects. In her "Trio for Two Cats and a Trombone," "the light is braying like an ass," and in the "Elegy on Dead Fashion" her southern wind is "dark-winged," her wines are "plumed as birds of paradise," her wild cherries "sing their madrigals." How far the love of novelty leads its votaries may be seen in "The Wind's Bastinado," where we find:

> "This corraceous
> Round orchidaceous
> Laceous porraceous
> Fruit is a lie."

Perhaps the cognoscenti understand her meaning, but to the benighted it sounds like "honeyed imbecility." Similarly we wonder what Dr. William Carlos Williams means when he says:

> "No that is not it
> nothing that I have done
> nothing
> I have done
> is made up of
> nothing
> and the diphthong
> ae &c"

Not only is this caviar to the general, but the effort expended in elucidating it seems a waste of energy.

In much of our contemporary drama also the characteristics of the modern schools of music and painting, their expressionism, their rejection of the conventional, and their incoherence find their counterpart. Aristotle's stressing of action as the prime essential of a play, Brunetière's insistence on the conflict of wills, have broken down so completely that critics are at their wits' end to find a comprehensive formula for the theatre. Maeterlinck in his static dramas of mood exhibits his use of silence, significant pauses and implicit suggestion, his evocation of the intangible, the subconscious, and the unintelligible. In "Pelléas and Mélisande" he tries to follow the ebb and flow of the currents of the soul when it is under the influence of the subconscious, "moments of ecstasy, of silent joys, and luminous pauses." His complete break with tradition is evidenced by his conviction that "action on the stage will give way to the analysis of character (mental states) and the consideration of motives which prompt men to action." One notices the same trend in the distorted expressionism of Ernest Toller and his grotesque scenes; in Lenormand's psychoanalytical studies; in Pirandello's projection of illusion and his preoccupation with the problem of personality; in Casella's attempt to interpret the nature of death; in Andreyev's struggle to unveil the secrets of the universe. One might instance, too, Sean O'Casey's "Silver Tassie," in which the characters chant aloud, in melodies recalling plainsong, the thoughts that are in their minds; O'Neill's "Emperor Jones," with its sublimation of mental states; Rice's "Adding Machine," in which expressionism turns the X-ray on the soul of a pathetic nonentity.

In this brief résumé I have indicated but a few instances of a common trend. Are there any conclusions that may be drawn from it?

The first thing that strikes one is that much of the work of our ultra-moderns is indefinite and inchoate. Its sponsors may reply that life in our day is without direction, and that if we

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live in an age of readjustment, experiment and revolt we should not be surprised if we find art, the mirror of life, a welter of cross-currents and cross-purposes. But the trouble is that the confusion is due not so much to the artist's material as to his technique, to his tricks of style, eccentricities and syntactical caperings as well as to his itch to startle and shock. It is significant that in music the greatest of moderns, Respighi, Ravel and Stravinski, have shown a tendency to revert to more conventional modes. In poetry those who hold most promise of permanency, Robinson, Frost, Bridges, Yeats, AE, Masefield and De La Mare, use accepted forms. The output of the others seems to be rather interesting than great. It lacks the clarity, depth and restraint one associates with the highest art. Its basic weakness may perhaps be summed up in the word "super-intellectualism." We are filled with amazement at its technical dexterity, but remain unmoved. An evening at one of our modern dramas or operas leaves one entertained or stimulated but unable to recall a single memorable phrase. It disturbs one not "with the joy of elevated thoughts" but with the sense of waste and futility. Novelty and subtlety are poor substitutes for depth of thought, for an earnest wrestling with the riddle of existence and for a vision of life *sub specie aeternitatis*.

COMMUNICATIONS

ENTER THE ASSESSOR

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editor: Your editorial, entitled "Enter the Assessor," published in the issue of March 23, is most interesting, timely and quite convincing. The subject is certainly one about which we all should be vitally concerned.

In reading your editorial, at least the forepart, I was impressed with the clear statement of the facts, and the forceful manner used in discussing the subject. But however clear, definite, and true you may have been while discussing the general situation, yet the force of the article was materially decreased by certain specific statements which you made in the very last paragraph which had to do with the import tax on gasoline or crude oil. To this last paragraph of your article I must take exception. Your conclusions that this tax is a "pure political grab," that "Congress lies prone," that "if ever there were reasons why such measures should not be resorted to, that time is the present," indicate that you must be misinformed, or that your source of information is not an adequate and accurate one.

I am afraid that there exists generally in the United States a misinformation regarding the oil industry and its problems which has crystallized to form what constitutes a prejudice against the industry. I have never seen any prejudice displayed in THE COMMONWEAL, and have many times relied on the information contained in your weekly as being the real truth concerning various controversial subjects. Therefore, in regard to this import tax, and as to oil affairs generally, the word "misinformed" must cover the situation, for, in fact, if ever there were reasons why such measures should be resorted to, that time is the present.

You must be aware of the distress in the oil industry. All industry seems upset, but petroleum, and its allied industries, are on the verge of collapse into bankruptcy. I have never witnessed the financial failure of an entire industry, but I can imagine its consequences, and when that industry provides us with what is now considered to be an essential product, the consequences to our civil life and to society generally would be dire.

Petroleum, formerly ranking third in importance in the United States, with a wonderful earning capacity, has in the last few years been staggering under a load which, unless soon relieved, will prove unbearable. The present import tax partially relieves the strain, for the import of crude oil and gasoline into the United States is one of the basic reasons for the current deplorable situation. It is true that an import tax will not entirely correct conditions in this industry, but when this factor is corrected it will then allow for other adjustments and probably prevent further economic deterioration. Therefore, the tax is absolutely justifiable as an economic measure. It is in no sense a political measure.

Consider, if you will, that all of the supplies and materials used by the petroleum industry are protected by tariff, while the products produced are on the free list. Likewise consider that the United States produced from 1927 to 1930, inclusive, some 3,707,000,000 barrels of crude oil, and had for the same period a domestic demand for approximately 3,789,000,000 barrels. The same years we imported 279,000,000 barrels and exported 84,000,000 barrels. The net result being the addition of 113,000,000 barrels of oil to storage, although we already had in 1927 approximately 403,000,000 barrels.

The crude oil picture would seem to indicate that domestically we could not produce our own requirements, but this is quite a fictitious picture; the facts being that for the last two years, and probably for a longer period, the domestic producers have actually curtailed crude oil production at the wells in the United States to about 50 percent of the well capacity. With such vast resources, and the potential overproduction which goes with it, the imports have been the "straw" which served to break the back of the figurative industrial camel.

The fact that the United States did not produce its own requirements in the illustration just given, must be viewed in light of the fact that we can produce twice, or possibly three times, as much as we can use. However, the rather limited number of refining and marketing companies which import crude oil and gasoline into the United States have, with such imports, preserved an unfavorable balance in the statistical position of the industry, using cheaply produced foreign crude and foreign gasoline to "bear" the domestic market, thereby allowing these same companies and other marketing companies to purchase their domestic requirements on the bargain-counter.

At the same time crude oil production in Venezuela increased from 63,134,000 barrels in 1927, to 136,699,000 barrels in 1930, and, being more cheaply produced than domestic crude, this somewhat limited amount nevertheless set the price for the vast quantities produced in the United States.

Stated in dollars, rather than barrels, the imported products, with a value of approximately $142,290,000, determined the value of the products which we produced, amounting to $2,850,459,000. The increase in our present stocks of crude oil is very apparently due entirely to imports, and yet Mr. Amos A. Beaty, president of the American Petroleum Institute, recently said: "The real cause of our headache is crude oil inventories, visible and invisible. . . . We also have over 400,000,000 barrels of refinable crude above ground, as against reasonable working stock of 200,000,000 barrels. We are in constant panic regarding these stocks . . ."

Mr. Beaty is correct, and for your further information it is now pointed out that had no foreign crude been imported since 1927, our stocks (inventories) today would be 256,514,000 barrels, or very closely approximating the workable amount.

Statistics indicate a slightly better situation in regard to gasoline. For the period 1927-1930 gasoline inventories have increased from 39,023,000 barrels to 40,529,000 barrels, having,

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however, been much larger than the latter figure during the interim period.

For the same years we produced in the United States 1,578,000,000 barrels of gasoline. The domestic demand amounted to 1,389,000,000 barrels, and with exports of 223,000,000 barrels, we enjoyed a total demand for 1,612,000,000 barrels. Imports for the period amounted to 34,962,000 barrels, but since 1928 the gasoline imports have been increasing at the rate of 100 percent per year, and there appears to be no reason why such imports will not increase in the future, especially in view of the enormous refining capacity now in operation practically at our front door. The result already has been that the domestic refiners have had to curtail their runs to the extent of the imports, and at the same time the imported gasoline forced the increase in our crude oil storage.

We might temporize with this situation if the bulk of the refined products served through imports to the United States citizens belonged to our own individuals or companies, in which case the capital return would at least accrue to the benefit of our people, or if gasoline were the only refined product imported; but in addition to the gasoline imports, other refined products came in duty free to the sum of 63,659,000 barrels, all of which was sold in competition with our own products.

There are seven foreign countries importing crude oil and refined products into the United States. If we take the years 1929 and 1930 as normal indices, we find that the imports from the Netherlands West Indies accounted for only 18.4 percent. of the crude imports; but accounted for 89.3 percent of the refined imports. In other words, irrespective of where the crude was produced, the refining was done in the Dutch West Indies. A large proportion of these refined products are owned by foreign companies using foreign labor in both the oil fields and refineries, paying taxes to support foreign governments, and paying dividends to foreign stockholders. The foreign-owned refineries in the Dutch West Indies have a daily throughout capacity of 187,000 barrels, and one such refinery is now considered to be the largest and most modern in the world.

Venezuela exported to us 42.4 percent of our total crude imports, but this crude was at least refined in the United States, and to that extent we benefited, although other detrimental factors vastly exceeded any probable benefit.

You stated in your editorial, "On account of transportation costs to the Atlantic seaboard from the Western fields, oil from foreign sources can be sold much cheaper in such states as New York than can the domestic product." It is doubted that this is entirely true. It is 1,970 miles from New Orleans, 2,159 miles from Port Arthur, 2,173 miles from Galveston, to New York. It is 2,037 miles from Curaçao, 2,006 miles from Aruba in the West Indies, to New York. So apparently there cannot be much difference in the freight charges. As a matter of fact, it cost in 1930 only $.56 to deliver a gallon of gasoline from the Gulf Coast ports into New York, while it cost $.64 to deliver a gallon from foreign ports. However, it cost $.0721 to produce a gallon of gasoline on the Gulf Coast as against $.0606 to produce a gallon at a foreign refinery, for such is the difference in wage scales, etc.

Domestic crude can be delivered to the Atlantic seaboard for an average of $.257 per barrel, while foreign oil (Venezuela) costs $.248. Surely this is only a nominal difference, and no difference at all when you appreciate that a barrel of domestic crude oil is equivalent in products produced to 1.6 barrels of foreign oil. In other words, a domestic barrel of crude oil produces products valued at $2.74, as against $1.71 for Venezuelan crude.

It is therefore quite apparent that transportation costs are not the factor favoring foreign crude oil in competition with domestic crude. The real factor is the cost of production at the wells. For the four-year period 1927-1930, the production costs per barrel in the principal districts of the United States were as follows: California, $.78; Rocky Mountains, $1.23; Mid-Continent, $1.09; Eastern, $2.07; average, $1.07.

In comparison with these costs, foreign oil is produced in the various countries at a cost per barrel, f.o.b. tanker ready for sailing, as follows: Venezuela (Lake Maricaibo), $.6232; Mexico, $1.10; Ecuador, Trinidad and Eastern Venezuela, $1.27; average, $.8705.

Since Venezuela is the chief source of supplies, the differential in costs of production between Venezuela and domestic oil favors the former by $.16 over California; $.61 over the Rocky Mountains; $.47 over Mid-Continent; and $1.45 over Eastern. The Mid-Continent, however, is the only competing domestic district, and as a result the California, Rocky Mountains and Eastern, as well as some Mid-Continent oils, are forced either into storage or must be sold below the cost of production, and this is true because the markets for the nation are determined on the East Coast.

Formerly California served the Atlantic seaboard with the big percentage of its oil, but today California has 100,000,000 barrels of heavy oil in storage which can be bought for from $.40 to $.50 per barrel. The state also has 45,000,000 barrels of light oil in storage which can be bought for $.75 per barrel. Both of these prices are below the cost of production.

In addition to the foregoing, remember also that domestic crude oil has taxes levied against it which were recently shown to amount to $.86 per barrel. The tax alone on crude oil is more than the cost of production of foreign oil, and is approximately equal to the total cost of landing a barrel of foreign oil on the Atlantic seaboard.

The imported foreign-owned oil provides little or no revenue for the federal coffer. Foreign gasoline not only provides no revenue, but in addition creates unemployment among our people. In California alone the official figures show that 63 percent of the oil workers normally employed by the industry in that state, are now out of work. This affects approximately 120,000 individuals, and has reduced their purchasing power to a minimum, reacting against the merchant, auto dealers, banks, builders and all business. The disappearance of the market formerly afforded by these, the now unemployed, in turn decreases the business of the railroads, the wholesaler, the mortgagor, the farmer and the fruit-grower.

California built its oil industry to care for the Eastern markets, and at a time when these same markets were depending upon California for their supply. The oil fields were developed vastly in excess of the need of local consumption, and millions upon millions of dollars went into oil field development; but now we find the wells shut down, our citizens unemployed, our refineries curtailing approximately two-thirds of their capacity, our tankers rotting at the wharves. If you could see these tankers tied up, one after another, you would not say the import tax was a "political grab." These ships for months have been as still as "painted ships on painted oceans," only they need painting ever and ever so badly. Too bad, but the painter also is out of work. All of this is in no small measure attributable to the imported foreign oil, imported to supplant our markets by the foreign-owned companies.

This isn't true only in California. The same conditions exist in every oil-producing state in the Union, including New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Kentucky,

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West Virginia, Tennessee, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and Kansas. These states produce about 64 percent of all the oil in the world; but Venezuela producing 10 percent, Mexico 3 percent, and Colombia 1½ percent, not only break the domestic market, but the world market as well.

Considerably more could be said about the decrease in our merchant marine; decrease in Panama Canal tolls; and the decrease in federal revenues from income tax on oil companies; and, in addition, it certainly is an anomaly that although a large percentage of domestic crude oil is produced from federal- and state-owned lands, yet so far the federal government has permitted duty-free imports of crude oil, tremendously decreasing the income of the government itself from its own oil. Also bear in mind that each barrel of domestically produced oil must pay its share, one way or another, of the heavy tax burden of our city, county, state and federal taxes. Foreign-owned oil does not pay dividends to our stockholders or taxes to our government.

In all of the above can you find the political expedient which led you to write, "In so far as the import tax on gasoline is concerned, we are dealing with a pure political grab"? The truth of the matter is that the foreign oil fields may be acquired by enormous concessions granted by foreign countries, and at a cost to the concessionaire of only a fraction of what the same estate would cost in this country. That by the use of foreign labor and by the purchase of equipment from foreign countries, which equipment is not subject to our tariff regulations, the leasehold costs, the labor costs, the repair and maintenance costs, the overhead costs, the tax costs, the insurance costs and nearly all other costs are less in foreign countries than in the United States. Gradually our foreign competitors are putting the domestic oil off the market, and many of our own oil companies in self-preservation, are forced out of our own country to compete on a like basis.

This letter is written in considerable detail because I had hoped to show you, as editor, that the oil industry is entitled to better consideration from periodicals, which too often assume that the industry is practically invulnerable. Unless readjustments are made, and made soon, I venture the prophecy that 90 percent of the domestic producers of crude oil will be eliminated in two years. Already, and within the past year, approximately sixty oil companies in California have gone into bankruptcy, or into the hands of the receivers. These companies were naturally the weakest in the group, and the other companies, once considered financially strong, are now approximately at the same position where the weaker were a year ago. An additional year's time without a change in their condition will likewise break the second group.

W. H. Geis.

WEALTH

Fargo, N. Dak.

To the Editor: During these troubled times one hears much about the concentration of wealth into the hands of the few. One speaker announces that 90 percent of the nation's wealth is in the hands of 2 percent of the nation. Another speaker states that 7 percent of the population own 98 percent of the nation's wealth. Are there any statistics for basing these estimates? I am sure many readers of The Commonweal like myself would be interested in a statement from one of your contributors on economic problems as to the extent of wealth owned by the few.

Florence E. Gregerson.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Another Language

As a rather startling surprise to theatergoers, toward the trailing end of a season, Arthur J. Beckhard has presented an unheralded play by Rose Franken, called "Another Language," which deserves far more than casual attention. It is marred here and there by the usual flow of "realistic" language, a fault which half a dozen strokes of a blue pencil could remedy with no injury whatever to the body of the play. But aside from this, it is one of the most astute and understanding plays that has been written in a long time concerning the huge mass of people of average means, average education and average indifference to or ignorance of the amenities of life. It is not a play of the upper-class tenements, such as Elmer Rice's "Street Scene," nor a play of social climbers nor of decayed aristocracy. To that extent you might imagine its deadly average to be something quite dull. But in the development of its theme, it strikes at something thoroughly universal, a conflict of ideals between members of a given group, which could easily be translated into any other setting. Philip Barry touched on a similar problem in "Holiday" and set it among the well-to-do. Elmer Rice discovered the same theme among his "Street Scene" tenement dwellers. In the broadest sense, then, "Another Language" is a play of people who think they are at war with the environment into which they were born, and must learn through serious suffering the lessons of spiritual adjustment necessary to bring inner peace and freedom.

Every character in the play is named Hallam, beginning with the father and mother of four boys, including those boys and their wives, and ending with a twenty-one-year-old grandson—eleven people in all, each highly individual, yet all but two meshed together into one general pattern of assured self-righteousness. It is Stella Hallam, the wife of Victor, who thinks in another language from the rest, and also the grandson, Jerry. The author's ingenuity grows a bit thin when she endows Stella with a talent and love for sculpture and Jerry with a longing to be an architect. So many plays have been written during so many years about the supposed conflict between the artist and those of a business or "practical" mind. It would have been a relief and a novelty to have had the conflict appear to run deeper between Stella and her in-laws. It does, in fact, run much deeper, but this is obscured by the obvious use of the labels "artistic" and "philistine." The real conflict is one between crudeness and innate refinement, a conflict of basic instincts rather than of objective expression. It is a kind of conflict which could arise entirely between artists, as well as between an artist and a business group. A sensitive Duse, for example, might find a flamboyant Bernhardt wholly unsympathetic. In other words, it is not the difference in occupation and primary interests which lies at the root of "Another Language," but the failure of one or two individuals to conform to the tight and rigid viewpoint and instincts of a group with whom they are forced to live and work. The habit, in plays and novels, of indicating this non-conformity by making the rebel an artist is superficial and too obvious. In the present instance, it takes away from the otherwise great distinction with which the author handles her theme.

The same unfortunate obviousness applies to the locale of the scenes. Most of the Hallams live on the West Side of New York, Stella and her husband live on the East Side. Again, the labels are unworthy of the material treated. If they all lived

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in the same apartment house, Stella would still be removed by infinite spaces from the whole Hallam mentality. She would still have married Victor because she sensed in him something a trifle different from the rest of the family. She would still have had to watch the slow but sure pressure of the family mind working upon him to kill that vague quality she once loved in him. Probably I am being overcritical in objecting to these weaknesses in a play that exhibits such profound understanding and so rare a variety of character shadings. But I always feel that the finer a work of art, and the more fully it explains itself, the more dismal it becomes to have labels attached to it—as if Rodin were to have sculped on the base of his famous statue, "This man is thinking."

The theme of the play centers, of course, around Stella's treatment of her nephew by marriage, Jerry Hallam. Stella and Jerry are not impossibly apart in years. They understand each other. Jerry also reminds Stella of many qualities which she once felt in her own husband—of those qualities which his family have tried their best to squeeze out of him as the years passed. Beyond this, Stella has been unable to have children, a fact which has left her with a nameless hunger. Jerry's immature devotion to her becomes an increasingly great temptation as Victor allows himself to recede deeper and deeper into the viewpoint of his family. There is a touch both of "Young Woodley" and of "Candida" in the early development of the theme. But in the end, and only after a searing trial of her own essential fineness, Stella succeeds in winning through to a new understanding of her husband and to an awakening in him of all the strength and independence which she first loved in him. The answer of the play to its own theme question is very clear. Realities can and do yield themselves to the molding hands of honest determination. There are few finer moments in the modern theatre than the last scene of this play, in which Victor's faith in and love for Stella break through like red flame. Stella's own victory becomes her husband's victory as well.

There are some further aspects to this quite unusual play which deserve attention. The group portrait of the Hallam family is something worthy of the best of Russian writers. The sweet and possessive old mother is not overdrawn. Every Tuesday evening, her four boys must assemble with their wives in her home. They must eat whatever she provides for them. Nothing must vary the dismal routine of outer filial devotion. Her iron will has all the necessary coating of sweet sentimentality, but it is obvious that for years she has achieved her way in everything. When the suggestion is made that she vary the weekly Tuesday ceremony for once by coming to Stella's apartment, she says in advance that she is not strong enough, and carefully proves that fact the following week by having a heart attack promptly upon arriving. The heart attack, however, lasts just long enough to prove her point and to draw all her sons around her in an anxious circle. After that, she is quite strong enough for any emergency. If you want the secret of the timorous mediocrity of the Hallam sons, and of the struggle which each of their wives has had to undergo, you can find it in the honeyed words and subtle power systems of Mrs. Hallam. It is she who plants in Victor's mind the suspicion that he is being hen-pecked and ruled by Stella. The brothers merely form the chorus for the refrain. Old Mr. Hallam is just what you would expect under these circumstances—a lovable and thoroughly beaten old man, who is bent on keeping the peace.

The various daughters-in-law form a mildly protesting background to Hallam domination. But Stella, small, sensitive and eagerly alert to do anything within reason, is the only one to make her protest effective. When she brings flowers of a Tuesday evening—long-stem chrysanthemums—Mrs. Hallam tells her the stems are too long. Stella suggests putting them in a china umbrella stand, and is told that umbrella stands are not meant for flowers. It is a mere trifle, but significant of what ultimately brings Stella's victory in a paramount matter, that she quietly goes ahead and uses the umbrella stand. The author uses a hundred such homely touches to reveal characters, little by little, and as the play progresses. She carefully avoids any of that advance exposition which robs so many plays of their chief interest and human suspense.

The acting of the play throughout is of rare distinction and discernment, with Dorothy Stickney, as Stella, giving a performance of such inimitable grace and sensitiveness and understanding as to place her at last in the very front rank of younger actresses. Her versatility over the last few years has been extraordinary, including, for example, a prison drudge in the play, "Chicago," and the ridiculously faded poetess, Miss Krail, in George Kelly's "Philip Goes Forth," not to mention the street walker in "The Front Page." The transformation to the complete loveliness and grace of her present part establishes the material of a very fine artist. Glenn Anders as Victor, John Beal as the unhappy Jerry, and Margaret Wycherly as mother Hallam are all excellent in a cast that is amazingly individual and competent. (At the Booth Theatre.)

The Pulitzer Award

PERHAPS some day, toward the year 2000, there will be unanimous agreement with the Pulitzer committee on some one of their annual awards. Last year I had the curious experience of being about the only critic, except one, to welcome the decision on "Alison's House." This year, I have a few more companions. "Of Thee I Sing" is a distinctly brilliant choice, recognizing, as it does, that the mere fact of having a musical accompaniment does not prevent a musical review from being a first-class satirical play. Moreover, if satire is to be recognized at all as a form of effective propaganda, I cannot see but that this snorting arraignment of national politics meets to a nicety the definition of the award as going to a play that demonstrates the power of the stage in "raising the standards of good morals, good taste and good manners." What presidential party can possibly thunder out its platform in 1932 without keeping a chastened eye turned toward "Of Thee I Sing"?

Messrs. George S. Kaufman, Morrie Ryskind and Ira Gershwin deserve a nation's thanks and, if the Pulitzer award can be considered as such, they have now received it. Nevertheless, the voice of dissent can be heard from many quarters. Even those who are enthusiastic about the play are making sly digs at a committee which could approve of the gentle solemnities of "Alison's House" one year and jump to musical comedy the next. There are hints that O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" or, perhaps, Barry's "Animal Kingdom" should have received the crown. With all such suggestions, I heartily disagree. The Barry play, for all its occasional scenes of discernment, was as cheaply tricked in construction and central idea as its predecessor, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." The O'Neill play was a rather dignified old-fashioned melodrama in form and, in substance, merely a clinical study of incest without any of the inherent fatality of Greek tragedy. "Of Thee I Sing" offered something fresh and spontaneous in the American theatre, something richly of the times and pointedly of all time as well. It was much closer to Aristophanes than O'Neill ever came to Euripides.

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BOOKS

A Caricature of Medical History

The Story of Medicine, by Victor Robinson. New York: Albert and Charles Boni, Incorporated. $5.00.

IT IS interesting to compare this American history of medicine with a book of almost exactly similar size on the same subject written by the German medical historians, Theodor Meyer-Steineg, professor extraordinary of the history of medicine in the University of Jena, and Karl Sudhoff who holds a corresponding position in Leipzig. Dr. Robinson, also a professor of the history of medicine at an American university, has written a scandalous chronicle of the story of medicine, while the German professors have given us a serious presentation of facts, recording the earnest efforts made by conscientious men at all times to relieve pain and cure the ills of mankind, and the difficulties encountered in pursuing their benevolent purpose. They make it clear that abuses were inevitable, medical problems being some of the most difficult in the whole range of human experience, and many of them quite insoluble even in our own day.

The middle ages, mainly because so little is popularly known about them, lend themselves readily to caricature. Our American historian says, "Medicine now spins its ghostly loom producing charms and amulets and the distaff of the age is the abracadabra." Page after page dwells on the Dark Ages (always capitalized). There is a faint gleam of light here and there—Constantine Africanus, Roger Bacon and one or two others—but all wisdom is eclipsed. Education was a farce founded on the benighted seven liberal arts. Huxley in his inaugural address as lord rector of Aberdeen University, declared that the *trivium* and *quadrivium,* the seven liberal arts of the mediaeval university curricula, "were better calculated to develop the many-sided mind of man than the curriculum of any modern university." But our American historian of medicine is quite sure that this period contains nothing worth while and that indeed medicine sank lower and lower until modern times.

In contrast with this, Meyer-Steineg and Sudhoff find some things to say about the middle ages that are startling to modern complacency. For instance, the Greeks, with all their wisdom, failed utterly to reach any hint of the contagiousness of disease. They thought of it as air- or water-borne. The physicians of the early middle ages discovered contagion, and civil and ecclesiastical authorities proceeded to act upon that discovery; preventive medicine was thus established in the first half of the middle ages. This was one of the most important discoveries in the whole history of medicine. The word quarantine, which now has come to mean segregation for the prevention of disease, is a mediaeval ecclesiastical word which meant "forty days"; there were, for example, indulgences of seven years and seven quarantines. Forty days was the period selected as necessary for segregation of those coming from infected places so as to prevent the spread of disease.

But the mediaeval physicians went much farther than this. Professor Sudhoff, the greatest living authority on the history of medicine, says that they made use of anaesthesia as a means of preventing pain during operations and thus brought about a great development of surgery, and they also discovered asepsis and succeeded in preventing wound infections. They boasted of getting union by first intention and of having only linear cicatrices that could scarcely be seen after the operation. Indeed Meyer-Steineg and Sudhoff declare that the reason why surgery was at such a low level in the first half of the nineteenth century, was that the men of this time had lost the discoveries that had been made in the middle ages with regard to anaesthesia and asepsis.

Another interesting comparison with this American medical historian's declaration of the utter nullity of mediaeval efforts, is Lynn Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science during the First Thirteen Centuries of Our Era." Professor Thorndike wrote a work of two thousand pages mainly presenting science from the various aspects in which it was studied during the middle ages. He confesses that, so far from thinking that he has exhausted his subject, "much new material in all probability still awaits discovery."

John Fiske spoke frankly of the middle ages as the "bright ages," they accomplished so much. There are magnificent vistas of thought, great anticipations of modern discoveries, in the middle ages, for those who have the patience and the scholarship to find them.

Much is heard of the many absurdities in mediaeval science, and above all in mediaeval medicine, but a French professor of medicine said not long since that the therapeutics of any generation is always absurd to the next generation. That is quite as true for the present generation as for any other in the history of medicine. Many absurd modes of treatment, sarsaparilla, opotherapy, Brown Sequard's elixir, rejuvenation methods, have been abandoned after being hailed at their introduction as marvelous therapeutic methods. The glass in our houses is entirely too thin for us to throw stones.

JAMES J. WALSH.

Fantasy

The Kingdom in the Sky, by Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A GREAT many books have been written about the life that follows this life, and about worlds other than this world we live in. The subject has always been popular with imaginative authors because of its limitless scope, and its general immunity from criticism. No one can say that the background has not been faithfully portrayed, because it exists only in the writer's fancy. No one can say that the characters are not true to life, because they are not living. No one can question any statement or suggestion, because all are ignorant alike.

In Alice Brown's very long and very well-written fantasy, "The Kingdom in the Sky," six people, who have been linked to one another by more or less mutable ties, die with enviable speed; four of them in a motor accident which kills instead of maiming, and two in a theatre fire which suffocates without pain. They all awaken in a pleasant world on the outskirts of Paradise, where they eat manna which feeds the soul as well as the body, wear garments woven on semi-celestial looms, and are free from inhibitions. "Everything is permitted if you can get it." In this borderland dwells Caesar, greatest of mortal men, but most impotent of spirits, forever raising armies to scale heaven's ramparts, and forever failing of his purpose. The annals of spiritism have familiarized us with the imperfect mentality of the dead who respond to mediums; but Caesar, seeking help from a Maine farmer, and being snubbed for his pains, is more disturbing than anything the mediums have to show. Happily, Shakespeare and Sophocles dwell elsewhere.

Of the six souls who arrive simultaneously within shadowy distance of the "Kingdom in the Sky," only the Maine farmer's wife knows at once that she is dead, and rejoices. Lamb says that Coleridge had "a hunger for eternity"; but Flavia has

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the hunger for God which alone can make eternity endurable. The manna and the shining raiment are no more to her than are the buoyant sweetness of the air and the inexhaustible richness of flower and foliage. On earth there had been food, and clothing, and gardens, and flaming sunsets. Now she is dead, and she passionately desires one thing, and one thing only, a word of welcome from God.

Miss Brown disclaims in her brief foreword any intention of adding to the literature of belief or of unbelief. She is only dreaming softly and bravely of what death may hold in its hand, of what toil may lie before us, of what unfulfilled purposes we may yet achieve. Hers is the creed of confidence and courage. But it needed a deeper and sadder thinker to remind us that "God did not create us to supplement His intelligence." Which is why a Christian carves upon the tombstone of his brother Christian, *Requiescat in Pace.*

AGNES REPPLIER.

The Sage of Snap-Bean Farm

Miscellaneous Literary Political and Social Writings of Joel Chandler Harris; edited by Julia Collier Harris. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press. $4.00.

IN THAT realm of human endeavor commonly referred to as "American literature," there have been too few efforts that can be considered strictly American. Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson and Whittier might well have done the same work in any other English-speaking country, and we may easily imagine Poe living in a remote Parisian garret with Baudelaire.

However, such men as Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Mark Twain and James W. Riley were one with that peculiar and often comical potpourri, that child with growing pains, that pioneering verve which is (which was?) America. Their muses were more Romantic than Classical, more Appalachian than Olympian. Joel Chandler Harris belongs to this group, and while his paint and brushes were Georgia's own, his canvas was genuinely American.

The guns of the Civil War had scarcely died away when Harris began his newspaper career. It was a troublesome time in the South—a period when political, social and economic problems were vying with each other for prominence, and all of them terribly intermingled. There was no time for idling; even the dreamers found themselves at the plow. It was an opportune era for one of Harris's stature, for he was a man of intelligence and rare tolerance working and living among people whose minds and sympathies had long been warped by defeat and upheaval.

It is common for the readers of Harris to overlook his serious work and continue to be charmed by the many whimsicalities which he created in his verse and fable for children. The present volume is particularly valuable, therefore, since it presents a comprehensive and aptly-chosen group of "serious" writings which formerly appeared in magazines and newspapers. It gives us the "Farmer," as they called him, talking to us intimately about subjects as varied as politics, the Negro, mocking birds, ethics, big business—always with a vitality that is simple, as well as respectful for the opinions of others.

Upon reading this particular Harris, one has the feeling that he well understood the vast array of complications endangering human progress, and also that he well understood the vast potentiality of human goodness. One has the feeling that this man was happy—reasonably happy—and that much of this happiness came from the simplest of things.

ERIC DEVINE.

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NEXT WEEK

ORDEAL BY HUNGER, by Joseph Michael Lalley, faces a problem which is the most formidable one in the United States at present—and one which, because it is painful, is apt to be submerged. The depreciation of capital, the shaking to its foundations of the credit structure, are all vital matters for the return of the prosperity, or ease, for which everyone fervently hopes. But in the meantime, what of those who have no income, that vast army of the economically disenfranchised? On every hand local relief agencies are reporting that they are almost at the end of their funds. Many thousands of the unemployed themselves who have so far been able to get along on the savings they were able to make when they had work, are at the end of their resources and are confronted with absolute destitution. All of this in a land equipped with unprecedented factory resources and farm production! Now is the time to think of the hungry before they have no way left to them for the obtaining of the bare necessities of life except the violence of desperation. . . . IRELAND, by Thomas F. Healy, is an interesting and sympathetic account of a nation which, as the author says, has in the past decade under its own rule covered more ground for the improvement of the conditions of its people, than in all the preceding centuries under the former régime. . . . MR. JUSTICE CARDOZO, by Robert L. McWilliams, is a fascinating brief review of the philosophy, both legal and humanitarian, and the fine literary facility for expressing this philosophy, which distinguishes the latest addition to the supreme tribunal of our land. In Justice Cardozo, the writer sees a most fitting successor to Mr. Justice Holmes and the quotations from the former's opinions and books give an excellent clue to the reason for the high regard in which Mr. Justice Cardozo is held, for those who heretofore have been aware of this regard only as a fact.

Vocational Guidance

Careers; edited by John A. Lapp. Chicago: The Institute for Research. $39.50.

Career Charts. Chicago: The Institute for Research. $15.60.

"CAREERS" is a ponderous volume containing fifty-two research monographs on the more important professions and major vocations. The binding is a loose-leaf art-craft folio of very durable construction. The paper and printing is of a high quality. No less so is its contents. Every monograph is written by a well-known expert in its particular field, and based on the latest findings—not all of which are recorded though they are placed at the disposal of the owners of the book.

The object of the work is to present to young people a panoramic view of major careers for the purpose of facilitating the choice of a vocation. All the studies follow more or less the same plan: description of the career, its field, requirements, advantages and disadvantages, opportunities and remuneration to be expected. With some a number of institutions giving professional training, and with others a list of books for further information, are given. Naturally, the individual monographs are much condensed—twelve to twenty pages each—but the exposition is clear and the most important phases are covered.

Among those engaged in vocational guidance, some hold the opinion that books are of little value in their work. They prefer direct contact with the professions and personal touch with youth in order to be better posted about the changes continually being made and to be better able to extend the most practical vocational advice to those who are concerned about neighborhood futures. There is some truth in this, but the majority of vocational guides have neither the time nor the facility to investigate and summarize the findings, and these will have to rely on books that present careers as they are and probably will remain for some time to come. For these, as also for other educators and readers, the work under review is intended. They will find it a mine of information, exceedingly helpful in guiding the young along vocational lines. No educational institution or library should be without it. The loose-leaf form makes it possible to give the monographs out separately to students. At first the price may seem exorbitant, but distributed over the fifty-two researches it is less than $.75 each.

Although all the papers are of a high quality, some are better than others. In general, it seems to the reviewer that the relation of one career to others could have been better presented, as was done, for example, in the case of biology. Such bibliographies as are given are very short. The lists of institutions giving special training are more complete. Furthermore, some method for finding the monographs quickly might have been introduced since they are not listed alphabetically. But even as it is, the work is excellent and will replace a whole shelfful of smaller books.

"Career Charts" is a set of thirty graphic charts, seventeen by twenty-two inches, lithographed on strong bristol-board, and is intended to supplement the volume, "Careers." These scientifically prepared charts present at a glance the organization of a particular career, showing how promotions are made and which are the jobs that lead nowhere. A special manual prepared by Dr. Harry Dexter Kitson, Teachers College, Columbia University, explaining varied and unusual uses, accompanies the charts. Such splendid material is really indispensable in a well-equipped vocational guidance bureau and in the libraries of secondary schools.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

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The Goodly Squire

The Silver Horn, by Gordon Grand; with drawings by J. Alden Twachtman. New York: The Derrydale Press. $7.50.

SOME books are caviar: not everyone would like them, and possibly they are not nourishing; but by those who do like them, they are particularly relished. In this case the metaphor is not perfect, as the appetite titivated is of a more robust sort than caviar would indicate, the sportsman's love of hunting and racing, of good form and fair winning, the pageantry of such full-blooded amenities, and the masculine beauties of field, stream and turf. Besides these things, the present book extolls affectionately the ideals of the English squierarchy transplanted to the United States. One may or may not have sociological animadversions against the type this produces, the Jacksonian Democrat may feel that like the allegedly ideal civilization of the golden age of Greece the squierarchy reposes, and imposes, on an overlarge underprivileged class; but still one must admit that the type has its qualities.

These reflections, however, are my own. Mr. Grand in his delightful stories, and Alden Twachtman in his fine drawings, are concerned with the subject per se, as in portraiture that gives the flavor of a personality and leaves to the individuals observing it their special implications.

John Weatherford, Sportsman, the protagonist of the fourteen stories in the book, is as fine an aristocrat of the estate-owning type as one could meet. Kindly and sympathetic, he yet at times, as the author says, "appeared a bit overbearing and overdetermined to have his own way. It is also true that he was not a placid person with whom to ride when hounds were boiling along."

Colonel J. Alden Twachtman, a distinguished artist and a polo player of dash and ability, contributes pictures of jumping horses, country views and one finely atmospheric scene of a man by his own hearthside, that will delight connoisseurs of such things. Gordon Grand's sensitively phrased stories, suffused with that pleasant atmosphere that results from the writer's keen liking for his subject, are undoubtedly thoroughbreds. The book is beautifully bound and printed, though the make-ready on the copy I have is a little careless. For a sportsman's library, it is an elegant addition from which he and his friends may derive much enjoyment.

FREDERIC THOMPSON.

Recent Historical Publications

HERE will be noticed in brief a number of recent publications each of which deserves extended treatment but which THE COMMONWEAL, in view of space limitations must perforce be content to notice succinctly. The two most recent volumes of Ludwig Pastor's famous "History of the Popes" (Volumes XXI and XXII) to appear in English testify again to the skill and sacrifice with which Ralph Francis Kerr has supervised the translation. One volume is devoted to the reign of Pope Sixtus V, the other carries the story to the death of Innocent IX. There is no need for comment on the various excellences of this "History," but it may be noted that all the virtues of Pastor are reflected very clearly in his chronicle of the dramatic reign of Pope Sixtus V (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $5.00 a volume).

"The United States since 1865," by Louis M. Hacker and Benjamin B. Kendrick, is an interesting and fairly complete summary of American development since the Civil War. Written by a journalist collaborating with an able professor of history, the book is "liver" than the usual academic treatise

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and yet, particularly in its earlier chapters, unmistakably scholarly. The analysis of events leading up to our entry into the World War is unusually objective. Much is said about cultural matters, about the authors' conceptions of which there is considerable room for difference of opinion. One fears that the authors have ventured to be more dogmatic on debatable matters of taste than they venture to be on fairly dependable matters of fact. It is a good, solid, readable book of buxom proportions (New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00). A portion of the same era is covered in the fourth volume of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's "History of the United States since the Civil War" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.25). The political happenings between the years 1878 and 1888 are subjected to careful and implacable scrutiny. This book is much closer to the source material than is the Hacker-Kendrick volume, but of course its scope is vastly wider. Since Professor Oberholtzer has had access to hitherto unused material, he is able to throw much new light on such things as the Blaine campaign, the Burlingame Treaty and the building of the railroads. One feels that this is an authoritative chronicle of primary importance.

"The Century Historical Series," under the general editorship of Dana C. Munro, includes two new volumes of more than usual interest. "An Economic and Social History of Europe in the Later Middle Ages," by James Westfall Thompson, deals with the years between 1300 and 1530 and is a sequel to the author's earlier treatise on mediaeval economic and social development (New York: The Century Company. $3.50). Professor Thompson's ability to write comprehensive surveys which, though often sprinkled with individualistic conclusions, are nevertheless faithful to the *via media* of historical scholarship, is well known. He is a specialist in economic history, but not an economic determinist. "History of Modern Europe," by Chester Penn Higby ($3.50), is of course dominated by the World War and its causes. Professor Higby begins with the risings against Napoleon and closes with an account of Europe since Versailles. Inevitably this is controversial ground, but the author keeps as near to a middle course as seems humanly possible. This is, to be sure, almost exclusively a political history.

Since everyone realizes that Protestantism has been the fountain source whence very much of American culture issued, there is solid instruction to be derived from reading the life of so great a churchman as Dr. Bacon, whose personality and achievements are discussed in "Leonard Bacon: A Statesman in the Church," by Theodore Davenport Bacon (New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press. $5.00). Here one finds the story of how the Congregational ministry gradually made ready, during the middle years of the nineteenth century, to absorb doctrinal liberalism; of how Dr. Bacon and his associates viewed the slavery question, in a manner different from the radical opposition of Garrison; and of the way in which this wing of New England Protestantism estimated the influence and position of Catholics. Though it is sometimes difficult to realize that the America described in this book existed only a few decades ago, the facts are there to prove it.

Several works of religious historical interest have also been issued. "A History of the Councils of Baltimore," by Peter Guilday (New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00), is unquestionably the best and most comprehensive book on this subject. After a good treatment of early ecclesiastical history, the author treats in detail the several synods, provincial councils and plenary councils, arriving at conclusions which are notable for pertinence and restraint. Sometimes, of course, one can

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legitimately be a little critical of this or that phrase. To say, for instance, that "the canon law of the Church is the Gospel of Christ in action" seems to be venturing farther than strict regard for terms permits.

One of the most fascinating among recent special publications is "The Correspondence of Pope Gregory VII," a volume of selected letters from the *Registrum* translated and edited by Ephraim Emerton. Professor Emerton's introduction is not merely a helpful commentary on the text, but a succinct and exceedingly able summary of the Hildebrand epoch. The letters, all of them well translated, are interesting for both psychological and historical reasons. They constitute about a third of the original *Registrum* (New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50).

Other publications of a blended historical and religious interest may be mentioned. "The Religions and Hidden Cults of India," by Lieutenant General Sir George MacMunn, is a popularistic account of the many creeds which flourish side by side in India. It has the advantage of incorporating much information gained at first hand (New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00). "The Origin and Development of the State Cult of Confucius," by John K. Shyrock, is published under the auspices of the American Historical Association (New York: The Century Company. $4.00). The author studies the inception and development of the worship of Confucius. "Faith Hope and Charity in Primitive Religion," by R. R. Marett, is a British anthropologist's view of the nature and sources of religion in primitive culture (New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00). It is in several respects an interesting book, though the author frankly disclaims any knowledge of theology and assumes that anthropologists "are bound to interpret man's religious activity as a manifestation of the will to live." This however eventually reveals itself as a power making for righteousness. "The People of Ancient Israel," by Dorothy Mills, is a story-version of the Old Testament written for Christians who are without knowledge of Bible history (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75). A very strange and fascinating tale is unfolded in Josef Kasten's "The Messiah of Ismir" (New York: The Viking Press. $3.50). This is the story of Sabbati Levi, who during the seventeenth century purported to be the Jewish Messiah.

We are also in receipt of a number of books which comment on aspects of world affairs. "The German Crisis," by H. R. Knickerbocker, is a reprint of the articles contributed by the author to the New York *Evening Post*. There is no doubt that Mr. Knickerbocker is a good correspondent of the hit-the-nail-on-the-head style, and there is a great deal of first-hand information in this book. But after all it is rather startlingly superficial, and all the people interviewed in it talk for foreign consumption (New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50). "Thoughts on Germany," by Richard von Kühlmann, is a sequence of reflective essays on aspects of German domestic and foreign affairs written by a distinguished and well-informed man who was once minister of foreign affairs in the kaiser's Cabinet (New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50). The book is somewhat anthological, but is worth reading. "England Muddles Through," by Harold E. Scarborough, is a welcome and well-written addition to the books which American observers have dedicated to the "mother country" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75). The author has long been an American correspondent residing in London. It is evident that he has kept his eyes wide open, and his heart in the right place.

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Briefer Mention

Great Yorkshiremen, by G. C. Heseltine. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

TWELVE Yorkshire heroes have been collected by Mr. Heseltine and made to sit for their portraits. This action was not, however, altogether a bit of altruism on the author's part. Each character enables him to heave a mighty sigh for England's vanished greatness, or send up a more or less "barbaric yawp" for England's future splendor. Thus reflection on Captain Cook, who had little learning, suggests that when letters were "less common they were better used." Guy Fawkes leads the author to opine that possibly mankind loves better a man who failed to make a noise in the world than one who actually did. Yet there are some excellent sketches "for their own sake," notably the one of Marvell. Among the other figures included are John Wycliffe and Cardinal Fisher.

Essays on the Logic of Being, by Francis Haserot. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THIS is a ponderous work on what, for some muddy though no doubt deep reason, has come to be known among contemporary philosophers as metaphysics. It is one of those books which promise to show the reader all things in the universe from "a point of vantage." When one gets to the point, the revelation that "neither the realm of existence nor the objects in it taken by themselves are intelligible" discloses that there is nothing to be seen and no reason of struggling to a point of vantage to see it. Haserot's book will be called a "significant contribution" in a score of philosophical reviews; but it has no significance for what the author calls "substance-minded people"—like the readers of THE COMMONWEAL.

The Doctor's Defense, by Sidney Fairway. New York: H. C. Kinsey and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

THIS story begins with that typically English plot—a child misunderstood at home and badly treated at school, and the results of that early environment. In this case the child grows into a timid man, always depreciating his own ability, until finally attaining courage through an event fraught with tragedy; and in the end he saves his son from dishonor at the cost of his own honor. The background of this book is often more interesting than the actual plot—the life of a doctor, in all its phases of perplexing problems. In dealing with this the author is at his happiest, for he is a doctor himself; he uses a *nom-de-plume*.

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